



CHINA



MAIL

No. 37165

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1958.

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THE FAMOUS COMFORT
IN ACTION TROUSERS
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HONGKONG & KOWLOON

Comment Of The Day

A 'Dodge' Policy

OUR film critic today draws attention to a practice which has often caused annoyance among the Colony's cinema-going public—that in the deliberate policy of rival theatres of showing their best films simultaneously. The attitude of those responsible seems to be "We don't want to be outdone." And the policy is applied not only to the big, well-reviewed and generally recommended films, but to Westerns, thrillers, musicals and other categories. The question is why should we get a spate of like films—why not more diversity?

As big films, like "The Ten Commandments" for example, generally run for a longer-than-usual period, box office takings for the best films are not greatly affected by this policy of collusion. The only loser might be the rival theatre which runs an inferior competitor simultaneously. This is perhaps the best reason why the present policy should be discontinued.

THIS suggestion is made not for the financial benefit of the local theatres, however. As we said at the outset it is the irritation that this policy arouses among cinema-goers that is the chief reason for suggesting staggered screenings. For what happens at present is that those who are discriminating in their choice of films or fans of a particular type of film, and themselves going to the cinema three or four times in a fortnight—and then not again for a number of weeks or months.

Cinemas cannot be blamed for holding big attractions for holiday periods like Easter, Christmas and Chinese New Year. But to persist with attempts to outdo one another every weekend of the year is carrying the policy too far. Theatres obviously know when their rivals intend to screen big films. Wouldn't it be more sensible in future to make sure that potentially big box-office attractions and films of a like category do not collide with one another?

ARMY CHIEF AGREES TO EIGHT-POINT CONDITIONS U NU HANDS OVER GOVT Appeals To People For Support

Rangoon, Sept. 26.
Burmese Premier, U Nu, announced tonight in a broadcast to the nation that he had resigned and handed over his powers to General Ne Win, Chief of the General Staff.

FORMOSA CRISIS

'I'M MORE HOPEFUL' SAYS LLOYD

New York, Sept. 26.
Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the British Foreign Secretary, left by air for London tonight after telling reporters he was "a little more hopeful" about the Formosa crisis.

In an impromptu statement before he boarded his plane, Mr. Lloyd said:

"I am convinced of the sincere desire of the United States Government for a peaceful settlement."

"I think the important thing is for everyone to see how they can help the Warsaw negotiations to be successful."

"I am a little more hopeful than I was when I came to New York 10 days ago."

Demand

Belrut, Sept. 26.
Supporters of Pro-Western ex-President Camille Chamoun today demanded half the seats in the new cabinet in continued opposition to Premier Rashid Karami's all-rebel Government.—U.P.I.

BRITISH LABOUR PARTY'S NEW FOREIGN POLICY

London, Sept. 26.
The Labour Party executive today approved a statement calling on the British Government to do all in its power to dissuade the United States from taking any part in the defence of Quemoy and Matsu.

Algerian Rebel High Command Captured

Paris, Sept. 26.
The Algerian Rebel "High Command" for all Southern France has been captured, the Ministry of Interior announced tonight.

All its members have been charged with plotting against the security of the state, the Ministry said.

The announcement was made amid new explosions of violence both in metropolitan France and in revolt-racked Algeria two days before the citizens of this country and its overseas territories vote in a referendum on Premier Charles de Gaulle's new "Strong Man" constitution.

REGIONAL CHIEFS
The Ministry said the arrested men included Areski Bouachata, 23, rebel National Liberation Front (FLN) chief for the whole area of France extending from the Italian frontier to Naez. He was arrested in Marseille together with two regional chiefs.

The Ministry said the three arrested leaders had six other local leaders under their command, of whom five have been arrested since September 15. It said liaison agents also were identified and seized and stocks of arms and letter boxes used by the rebels were found.

"Many very important documents were seized and now are being studied," the Ministry said. "They showed that more than 30,000,000 francs (\$710,000) were extorted every month from North African workers."—U.P.I.

It urged the Government to try an accurate evacuation of the offshore islands by the Chinese Nationalists.

"It is absurd and illogical that the Conservative Government, which recognises the Chinese People's Republic, should continue to continue in denying representation in the United Nations to a country of nearly 600 million people," the statement said.

Negotiations

"Negotiations should be opened with a view to neutralising Formosa and the Pescadores, which should be placed under UN administration and protection. In due course the people of Taiwan must be free to make their own choice without intimidation from either side."

The Labour Executive, which met at Scarborough in preparation for the opening of the party's annual congress next Monday, also adopted a resolution calling on the British Government to suspend implementation of its seven-year "partnership" plan for Cyprus in order to end the present strife on the island.

The executive said recent proposals by exiled Greek Cypriot leader, Archbishop Makarios gave rise to new hopes of a settlement of the problem through negotiation. These proposals should be studied immediately by the Government, it added.

Both the Formosa Straits crisis and the Cyprus question will be debated at the beginning of next week's congress.—France-Press.

Credentials

Washington, Sept. 26.
Nationalist China's Ambassador George Yeh will present his credentials to President Eisenhower on Tuesday morning. It was announced today.

Yeh arrived here on September 12. The White House ceremony was delayed by the President's absence on vacation.—U.P.I.

Big Tourist Ship Here

The big Australian tourist ship Orsova docked in Kowloon this morning.

The 29,000-ton liner, pride of the Orient Line, is carrying 1,300 passengers on a month's cruise of the Far East. Orsova arrived from Japan.

Among the passengers is Mr. G. F. Sellers, company director, who recently won the Sydney Opera House lottery first prize of £100,000.

FREIGHTER ADRIFF OFF CHINA

Tokyo, Sept. 26.
The Japanese Maritime Safety Board said today the British freighter 7,240-ton Eskcliffe had gone adrift at 35 miles southwest of Nojima cape, southern tip of the China peninsula near Tokyo as a result of a shortage of fuel.

A spokesman said a Japanese tug boat rushed to the scene early this morning to supply fuel but in vain because of rough weather. He said two Japanese patrol boats were now on their way to the freighter. The freighter's agents, Dodwell and Company, said the Eskcliffe left Cairns, Australia on Sept. 8 for Yokohama and Osaka carrying 9,600 tons of sugar.—Reuters.

AMERICA'S CUP DEBACLE U.S. Trounces Britain To Retain Cup

By WILLIAM NEWMAN

Off Newport, Sept. 26.
The American yacht Columbia successfully warded off the first challenge in 21 years for the America's Cup when she trounced the British challenger Scythe in four straight runs to retain the 107-year-old trophy which is the pinnacle of yachting aspirations.

Columbia won her fourth race today to complete a most disappointing series which could well discourage future challenges.

American designers are so far ahead of their British colleagues on this showing that it was wondered whether they could be matched. Apart from the all-conquering Columbia, who fought her way to the defender's berth by beating three other candidates, the Americans appear well-prepared to meet any new challenger. Of the other three candidates, Eastern and Weatherly, are new boats built this year and, according to observers of the American trials, either could have beaten Scythe.

Formality

The destination of the cup was virtually settled yesterday when Columbia handsomely spanked Scythe in the kind of weather the British had been asking for. Today's race was a mere formality and it went the way of the other three races. Columbia was outmaneuvered at the start by Lieutenant-Commander Grahn Mann going well into a safe leftward position but the British boat crossed the line before the run—and—had. Columbia came by to go just ahead of the gun and soon began to open up on one of her best legs, a beat to windward. Apart from some short tacks the race settled down into a procession with Columbia steadily walking away.

The weather today was similar to yesterday's with 18 to 25 knot winds in a heavy swell. A spectator fleet of about 100 followed the two contestants as they sailed majestically round the triangular course, each leg eight miles long.

Waste Of Time

As far as racing is concerned, the series was a waste of time. There was so much difference between the boats that Scythe never seemed capable of catching Columbia apart from a major gear failure. The British boat was beaten in light and heavy conditions and on all legs—beating to windward.

teaching and running before the wind.

At the end of the race, the New York Yacht Club had hoisted the following signal, borrowed from a letter to Lord Nelson: "To mortals it is not given to command success but you... have done even more. You have deserved success."

That sums it up. The crew did all they could—the boat was just not good enough.—Reuters.

85 DEAD IN BIG TYPHOON

Tokyo, Sept. 27.
The worst typhoon in 24 years whiplashed Tokyo with gusts that reached 160 miles an hour early today.

Latest casualty reports listed 85 known dead, 62 missing and 183 injured. Most of the fatalities resulted from landslides, fallen high voltage wires and smashed highway homes. Yokohama was hardest hit with at least 40 dead. Tokyo had 10 confirmed deaths.

The wind-whipped rains dumped nearly 17 inches on Tokyo since late yesterday—the heaviest deluge recorded since the city began keeping weather records in 1870.

Damage was very heavy. The storm lifted winds of up to 100 miles per hour and gusts of up to 160 miles per hour as it bore down on Tokyo, passed the Tokyo area shortly before 2 a.m.

Winds in the typhoon diminished in intensity after passing over Yokohama and the latest U.S. Air Force weather report said the centre of the storm was expected to be 35 miles east of Sendai (a city roughly 175 miles north of Tokyo).—U.P.I.

ROMAN CATHOLICS THREATEN TO TURN PROTESTANTS

Rome, Sept. 26.
THE 700 Roman Catholics of Bosco, a mountain hamlet in southern Italy, have threatened to turn Protestant unless they get back their beloved parish priest, the Rome newspaper Giornale D'Italia today reported.

The trouble started three months ago when Bosco's priest, Don Francesco Savarito, was transferred to a new parish.

The villagers had no intention of losing him and sent a deputation to the Bishop of Pollenzo, the report said. Their pleas were in vain, so they immediately launched a protest strike against church services. This was a momentous decision for the people of Bosco, all devout Catholics. But of joy indifference, the report said.

Even the Sexton of the parish church of Saint Rock joined

the strikers, said the newspaper.

As an additional protest red flags were draped over balconies.

Don Francesco's successor, Don Mario Carpentieri, has tried his best to be on good terms with the villagers but has been unable to break through their wall of indifference, the report said.

One day the keys of his church disappeared and no one

lifted a finger to help when Don Mario had to bring a ladder and enter the church through a window.

"And as if all this was not enough," the newspaper added, the Roman Catholic peasants of Bosco got in touch with Protestants nearby and gave them a warm reception.

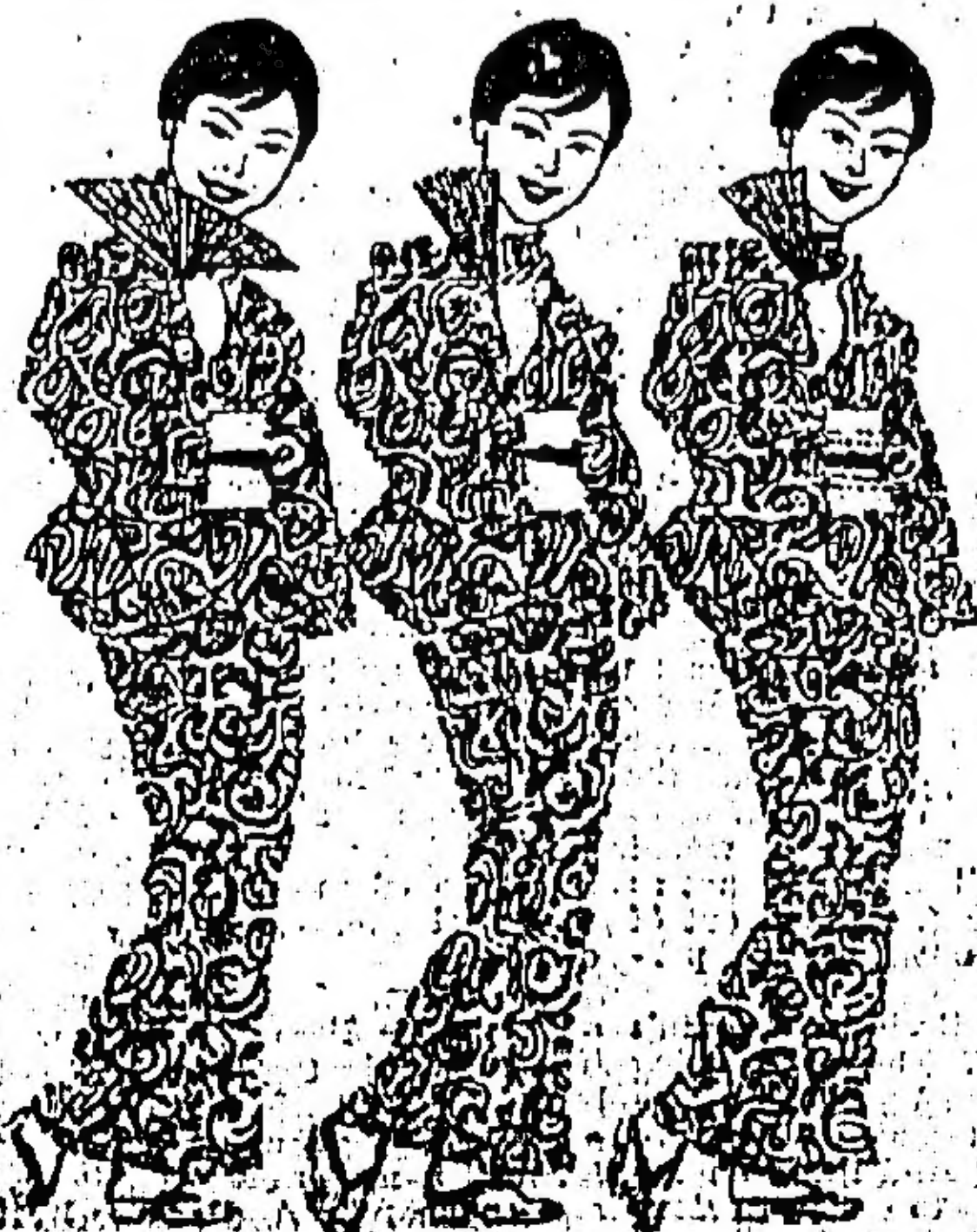
"All this inhabitants now threaten to become Protestants."—Reuters.



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PRINCESS: 10.00 a.m., 2.30 & 8.00 P.M.

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—Life Magazine

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THE TEN COMMANDMENTS
CHARLTON HESTON • YUL BRYNNER • ANNE BAXTER • EDWARD G. ROBINSON
DEBRA PAGET • JOHN DERRICK • DE CARLO • PAGET BREWER
SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • FUCHS • SCOTT • ANDERSON • PRICE
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Paramount Theatre At 10.15 a.m. || Anthony Quinn — Robert Ryan in "CITY BENEATH THE SEA"

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At 2.30—5.20—7.30 || At 2.30—5.15—7.30 & 9.40

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TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
At 12.30 p.m.
ROCK HUDSON in "BATTLE HYMN"

FINAL TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

GUY MADISON
THE HARD MAN
Technicolor

TO-MORROW
Anthony QUINN in
"MAN FROM DEL RIO"

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

THIS weekend brings a number of good films to Hongkong, along with the inevitable question, "Why do they show all the good films at the same time?" Accepting I have not the slightest say in what is shown, the answer is easy to give. Because the distributors and the exhibitors are in competition with one another.

For instance, Paramount and the King's and Princess theatres have an ace up their sleeves with Cecil B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments." So flanks and the Lee, and later the Astor, throw down the fully photographed and expertly produced, "Nor the Moon by Night." Here, I admire the restraint of the Rank Organisation. From a commercial point of view, they are not going to play the pool sweeping "A Night to Remember," the finest motion picture ever to come out of the British or any other studios until October.

United Artists and the Star and Metropole are playing their ace; "Run Silent, Run Deep," and a very good card it is to play. Spectacular, and tense with human conflict, with two stars of universal acclaim: Clark Gable and Burt Lancaster.

M.G.M. and the Hoover and Paramount present the fine war film, "Imitation General," with the popular Glenn Ford and the Academy Award Winner, Red Buttons.

20th Century Fox and the Roxy and Broadway are holding back their spectacular and finely made film, "Harry Black and the Tiger," starring Stewart Granger, and are putting their stakes on the colourful Panchito Villa melodrama, "Villa."

So there you have the reason and the films. The answer to, "Wouldn't it be better if they spread the films over the year?" is, of course, "It would."

To visit all the theatres in turn during the showing of the films would cost over \$20 a person, and that is outside the spending power of most of the Colony's personnel. If a fact is a fact, it is indisputable. I remember that Fred Astaire was annoyed when M.G.M. making a scoop with "Silk Stockings," Paramount decided to play "Funny Face." Immediately afterwards, it was his opinion, and it is certainly mine, that if Paramount had waited a few months, and then played "Funny Face," they would have played to twice the business they did.

However, on with the motley. . . .

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

KING'S & PRINCESS: Cecil B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments." A Technicolor production. Probably the greatest film spectacle of this generation. Vast direction of mob scenes; sensational in incident; authentic in presentation; a religious version of the Biblical story of Israel in bondage. Enormous audience attraction on account of its amazing spectacular appeal. Charlton Heston as Moses; Yul Brynner as Pharaoh; Anne Baxter, Edward G. Robinson; Debra Paget; John Derek, lead an enormous cast of stars plus thousands of extras.

LEE: "Nor the Moon by Night." A dramatic and spectacular film, with amazing shots of the Adriatic scene—preserve country. Magnificently produced, strongly directed. Extremely well cast, with Belinda Lee giving her best performance to date. Kudos in appeal; strong romantic theme; extremely exciting incidents; good entertainment. Belinda Lee; Michael Craig; Patrick McGowan; Anna Gaylor.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "A CinemaScope De Luxe" production of an imaginary incident in the life of the Mexican bandit cum revolutionary, Panchito Villa. Good camera work, but story weak. Due to seeking audience appeal in long drawn out bar incidents with smooth music. Revolutionary "justice" incidents well done with brutal simplicity, but out of keeping with trend of film. Brian Keith; Cesar Romero; Maria Dean; Rodolfo Hoyos.

HOOVER & PARAMOUNT: "Imitation General." Glenn Ford and Red Buttons in an imaginary incident of winter 1944 when the German Army penetrated the American line. Made with more conviction, could have been another "What Price Glory." Skilled production; strong direction; story well handled; dialogue crisp and amusing; strong audience appeal; top rate entertainment. Also Dean Jones and Taina Elg.

STAR & METROPOLE: "Run Silent, Run Deep." Excellent drama of submarine warfare. First class performance from Gable and Lancaster. Man's film; tense; suspense; drama within drama as Gable and Lancaster match their abilities for leadership. Could and only one way, and it does. Little too starry-eyed for the veterans. Top rate audience appeal. Maximum rating.

COMING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Key." Unique and intriguing link between title and subject. Story of ships in World War II; British background. Carol Reed production, top rate entertainment; excellent audience feature. William Holden; Trevor Howard; and Sophia Loren.

LEE & ASTOR: "A Night to Remember." The Rank Organisation's masterpiece of the ship that defied God. Brilliant production; superb direction; authentic down to the detail. Intensely moving, as well as suspense and paper line the rail to meet their end. Kenneth More as First Officer; Lightoller heads a huge cast of British stars.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Truth about Women." Romantic, bitter, sweet comedy. Easy going, colorful; nostalgic. Well directed, and sequence smoothly contained. Filmed in Eastman Colour, has huge cast of stars, including: Bette Davis; Robert Montgomery; Robert Taylor; and Laurence Harvey.

HOOVER & PARAMOUNT: "The Haunted Stranger." Could be called, "The return of Boris Karloff." A sober, haunting, terrifying shocker, concerned with dual personality. Set in London, this is a shocker to shock all shockers. Boris Karloff; Elizabeth Allen; and Jean Kent.

STAR & METROPOLE: "Once Upon a Horse." Burlesque Cowboy Opera. Complete swivel on all young men's imaginations. "Sweetest," well directed; a film for all who like modern spectacle. Dan Rowan and Dick Martin.

TO-MORROW
Anthony QUINN in
"MAN FROM DEL RIO"

draw aside with merely a suggestion that perhaps Israel never was in Egypt, and leave it at that. . . .

Now why I say that the Time film critic is unfair is because he writes for his own amusement, and what he has to say has little to do with the film. For upon this point, and this only, does criticism succeed: can the critic judge whether the producer gets the idea of the film over or not?

And this is the point. Cecil DeMille has addressed his efforts to the Hebrew legend of how Israel received its Decalogue, given to Moses (so runs the legend) on Mount Sinai. The source of this legend is found in the second book of the Pentateuch known to us as Exodus.

If you are honest, and will take the trouble to read the book you will find that DeMille has put over the idea contained in the original in a mighty spectacular way. It is not, therefore, criticism, to go looking for faults, are really differences of opinion, are really differences of what picture in his mind of what happened. But everything of note within the book of Exodus comes out in the film, and there we should leave it. . . .

The point that leaves Time's critic wrong, together with his host of imitators is that the public have flocked to the film. And when the majority of one, there is such a fault with his judgment and his conceit. . . .

"The Ten Commandments," taking it for what it is, is the greatest spectacle that has ever been shown. The cast with Charlton Heston as Moses, Yul Brynner as Pharaoh, Yvonne de Carlo, Anne Baxter, John Derek, Edward G. Robinson, and Cedric Hardwicke, heads a company of usually numbering thousands. . . .

Beneath such a burden of spectacle, you can't go looking for good individual performances, and you won't find them. The whole show is a pageant, and a very good memory, were performed in the original silent version of the film. The water tanking up the lightning blazes, all the law upon the seaboard, all this I saw years ago with the noises off provided by the Flamingo Park Cinema Orchestra. . . .

The only round the gubbin cast, the so typical Hollywood cast, the so typical Hollywood splashy splashes round the well, all this and more make up this VistaVision Technicolor version of the Hollywood Bible collaboration to get the story of Moses on the pictures. Success is reckoned in box office returns. That is all that matters, and so there we must admit that this film scores. The film is long, too long, I thought. . . .

But so skillful is the handling of the theme by John Stafford, directed by Ken Annakin, that you have a wonderful setting surrounding the plot. . . .

I doubt whether better photography has ever come out of Africa. The attacking lion sequence is startlingly real, although I would have put my money on the lion. . . .

And for heart in your mouth sequences, try driving with a snake as a back seat driver, and you'll eat as the ditch. . . .

I find it extremely difficult to find myself in disagreement with such a revolutionary view; the liquor they sell in these clip joints is bad enough without having a rotten singer thrown in. So, for all I know, Panchito Villa was a true revolutionary, and went about with a price on his head for the sake of the clip joint frequenting public. . . .

Never having been to Mexico, I do not know whether the last episode of the film was intended to be the capture of Mexico City; also I was interested in the American who followed Villa, and wondered if he was supposed to be John Reed, the American correspondent who followed Villa during the early part of his campaign. . . .

There is some pretty crude and brutal shooting, and that is authentic, but Villa is never the killer. He is the executioner of the people's justice. CinemaScope and Colour de Luxe bring out the beauties of a terrain where wild horsesmen ride backwards and forwards, shooting and shooting. Made with one eye on history, and the other on the cinema patrons, this film will please neither those who want the story, nor those who want the straight out bar smashing, fist slugging, trick shooting, Western. . . .

The acting, never of a high order is led by Brian Keith, Cesar Romero, Maria Dean, and Rodolfo Hoyos as Villa. . . .

Now when you get a film that calls for both spectacle and individual performance, you are usually expecting too much. But in "Nor the Moon by Night," Ranks have turned out a film with more universal appeal than is their usual custom. You find a considerably improved Belinda Lee in the lead, playing as dramatic an opening as you are likely to find, and what is more, playing it with an intensity she has been unable to summon before. . . .

LEE

OPENING TO-DAY

4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

NOR THE MOON BY NIGHT
Belinda Lee
Michael Craig
Patrick McGowan
Anna Gaylor

TO-DAY

A CANTONESE OPERA

MATINEE PERFORMANCE—AT 1.30 P.M.
"SUMMER SNOW" 六月雪
EVENING PERFORMANCE—AT 8.00 P.M.
"THE FALSE DREAM OF WESTERN CHAMBER"
西樓錯夢
Presented by SIEN FUNG MING PLAYERS

STAR METROPOLE

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

STAR: 5 Shows To-day & To-morrow, Extra Performance of "RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP" At 12.30 p.m.

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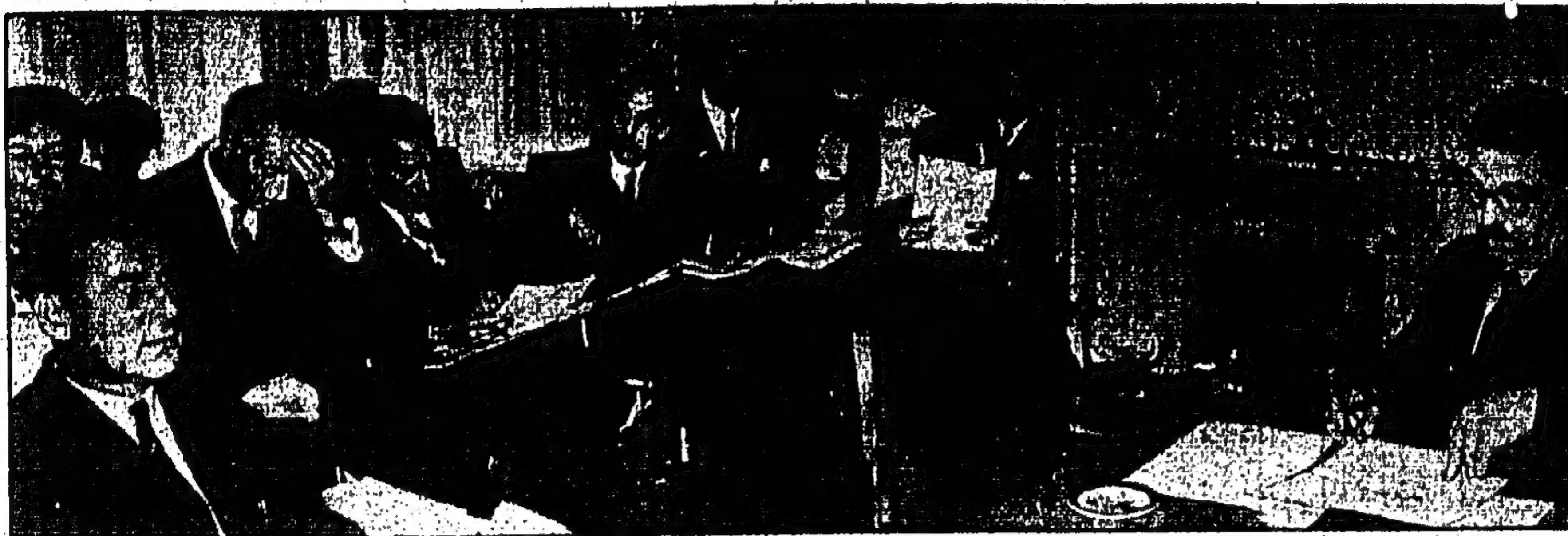
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THE GOLDEN HORNET
By Fred Astaire
With Betty Hutton
Presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY "MAIL" FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

COURT IN SESSION...IN MRS C's PARLOUR



In "court"—left to right, Mrs Cliff; her husband's counsel; Mr Staines's counsel; a solicitor; a surveyor; Miss Catmury; Mr Staines (with paper up to face); and at table, Mr Young, listening to witness in armchair.

A 'SHOCK' FOR THE SEE-SAW

Wickham. The village council was locked in an official argument over whether see-saws should have shock absorbers.

Councillor Frank Bald started the argument when he learned the council was going to buy see-saws with shock absorbers for local playgrounds.

"Half the fun of a see-saw is the bump," Bald said. The council agreed to ask for manufacturers estimates for see-saws with and without bumps, but the argument remained unsettled.—U. P. I.

'Judge' Parks His Brolly By The Fire Tongs

London. GEOFFREY CLIFF and his wife held court in their living-room last week. There was a judge, there were barristers, solicitors, witnesses, and newspapermen. And the Cliffs invited the neighbours to come, too.

Mr Cliff was the defendant. Mr Frederick Staines, a local builder and decorator, was the plaintiff.

It was probably the most unusual court in British legal history.

Counsel and solicitors were ranged in garden seats across the centre of the pink and cream room, with their briefs laid out on coffee tables.

Witnesses leaned back in red upholstered armchairs.

Neighbours and newspapermen sat on the merry red, black, and yellow striped carpet.

Squeezed up

As for the judge, or more correctly, the adjudicator, he parked his brolly in the fire-place beside the two tongs, his hat on the mantelpiece and a bowl of chrysanthemums, and sat squeezed up at the dining-room table with the TV set behind him.

"Right, now let's get on with it," he said.

And the court was in session at No. 8, Cranbrook-rise, Ilford, Essex.

How did this strange court come to be convened?

It all dates back to the time 33-year-old Mr Cliff, who runs a photographic business, called in Mr Staines to carry out some repairs to his house.

£1,000 bill

Mr Staines submitted a bill for £1,000. Mr Cliff refused to pay £200 of it, claiming that some of the work had been badly done.

Mr Staines sued Mr Cliff. The case came up before a High Court Judge who committed it to Ilford County Court.

And the County Court Judge appointed Mr W. P. Young, a chartered quantity surveyor, to conduct a hearing on the spot and find a settlement to the dispute.

After 2½ hours the evidence was completed. Mr Young said his decision would be announced later.

Thirty-eight-year-old Mrs Cliff dashed into the kitchen and came back with trays of pork sandwiches, pickles, and pots of coffee.

Home brew

Mr Cliff went down to his cellar and brought up bottles of home-made biccherry liqueur, red wine, and carrot whiskey.

"Tuck in everybody, whatever has won," said Mrs Cliff cheerfully.

But Mr Staines, red-faced and shouting his way out, followed by his secretary, Miss Gwen Green.

"I didn't really want him to stay," confessed Mrs Cliff.

Mr Young and the counsel, all formerly seated in black tickers and striped trousers, also withdrew.

A spot of carrot whiskey could well prevent the course of justice, explained Mr Young with a smile.

But the neighbours all stayed and looked on.

THE LATEST IN MUSEUMS—A SPAGHETTI ONE

Pontedassio. ITALY has for ages been a land of museums and spaghetti.

No wonder that one day someone should think of creating a spaghetti museum.

This is now done. A recent congress of humorists from all over the world officially inaugurated in this tiny northern village the "Spaghetti Historical Museum."

The inauguration was a solemn affair, as befits any ceremony honouring Italy's basic food-stuff.

Political, municipal and church authorities attended the occasion together with humorists and cartoonists, who took the day off from their annual Congress at nearby Bordighera.

For as long as anyone can remember Spaghetti has been considered in Italy not only an indispensable item on the daily menu but as a remedy for all problems.

On exhibit are ancient and modern poems, paintings, etchings, photographs, cooking books with the thousands of recipes for treating spaghetti, government decrees dating back to 1602 which fixed the price of spaghetti (and provided up to ten years in gaol for anyone employing harmful ingredients for the manufacture of spaghetti).

Also exhibited is a perfect and functioning reproduction of a spaghetti-factory dating back to 1850.

Ancient books and drawings telling the story of spaghetti are also shown.

One item which proud Italians may not like is the reminder in the form of a tale by traveller Marco Polo that Chinese discovered spaghetti as long ago as 700 years.

Inauguration

Three French humorists attending the inauguration were asked to contribute to the collection.

The results were: **Barberousse:** A cat using spaghetti as a lasso to capture a mouse.

Feytaud: A cook offering his loved one a heart formed by spaghetti.

Leau-Bodine: A fat woman using spaghetti as a skipping rope for exercise to lose weight.

—U. P. I.

But it was hard on Ale's wife, Della Luken, who one day decided to put an end to such provocative language and she killed the bird.—China Mail Special.

MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE GOT A WIFE

Sydney. Swedish sailor Aake Wikling put a message in a bottle and got back a wife.

Wikling launched his bottle into the Mediterranean in October, 1955. It asked "All girls aged 18 to 20? If they wanted to marry a handsome, blond, Swedish, and gave" his telephone address.

Sydney. Factory foreman Sebastian Puzo found the bottle floating off the Alton coast last May. He took the message, written in English, to the parish priest for translation, and then rushed back home.

Puzo, it turned out, was the father of eight girls—the first of whom had a family equal to

CASES OF THE MISSING TRUCKS CONFOUNDS POLICE

London. NIGHT after night the highways out of London echo to the rumble of haul trucks carrying valuable cargoes to other parts of the country. The hauls are long and the roads are lonely. But here and there a lighted, all-night cafe, juke-box blaring, beckons the driver.

A cup of tea, a cigarette, a chat with the owner, and the driver is away again. It's routine.

But seven times in the last four months a truck has pulled out of a safe parking lot—and neither driver nor truck was seen again.

Vanished

Seven trucks loaded with valuable goods worth £70,000 have vanished from the highways—and seven drivers are missing.

Police throughout the country are worried because these are not simple cases, which occur every day, of trucks stolen and later found empty on some rubble-strewn World War Two camp heap or bombed site. They are complete disappearances.

The trucks have disappeared on journeys to the south coast, Manchester, Newcastle, Leeds, Birmingham and Liverpool.

Bachelors

The drivers were all reliable employees, their firms reported. All were bachelors and their relatives were not immediately concerned at lack of letters from them.

Police believe a "disposal centre" somewhere near strategically-placed Coventry has been set up to deal with the stolen trucks. Officials said they believed at this centre the trucks are repaired, number plates changed, cargoes sold, but they hesitate to forecast the fate of the missing drivers.

—U. P. I.

Hands Full

London.

WINDOW cleaner George Grubb rode a pedal cycle with his left hand while with his other hand he pulled along a box on two wheels, on which were three 8 ft. ladders and his 10-year-old son.

Grubb was accused at Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire, of inconsiderate riding. The case was dismissed.

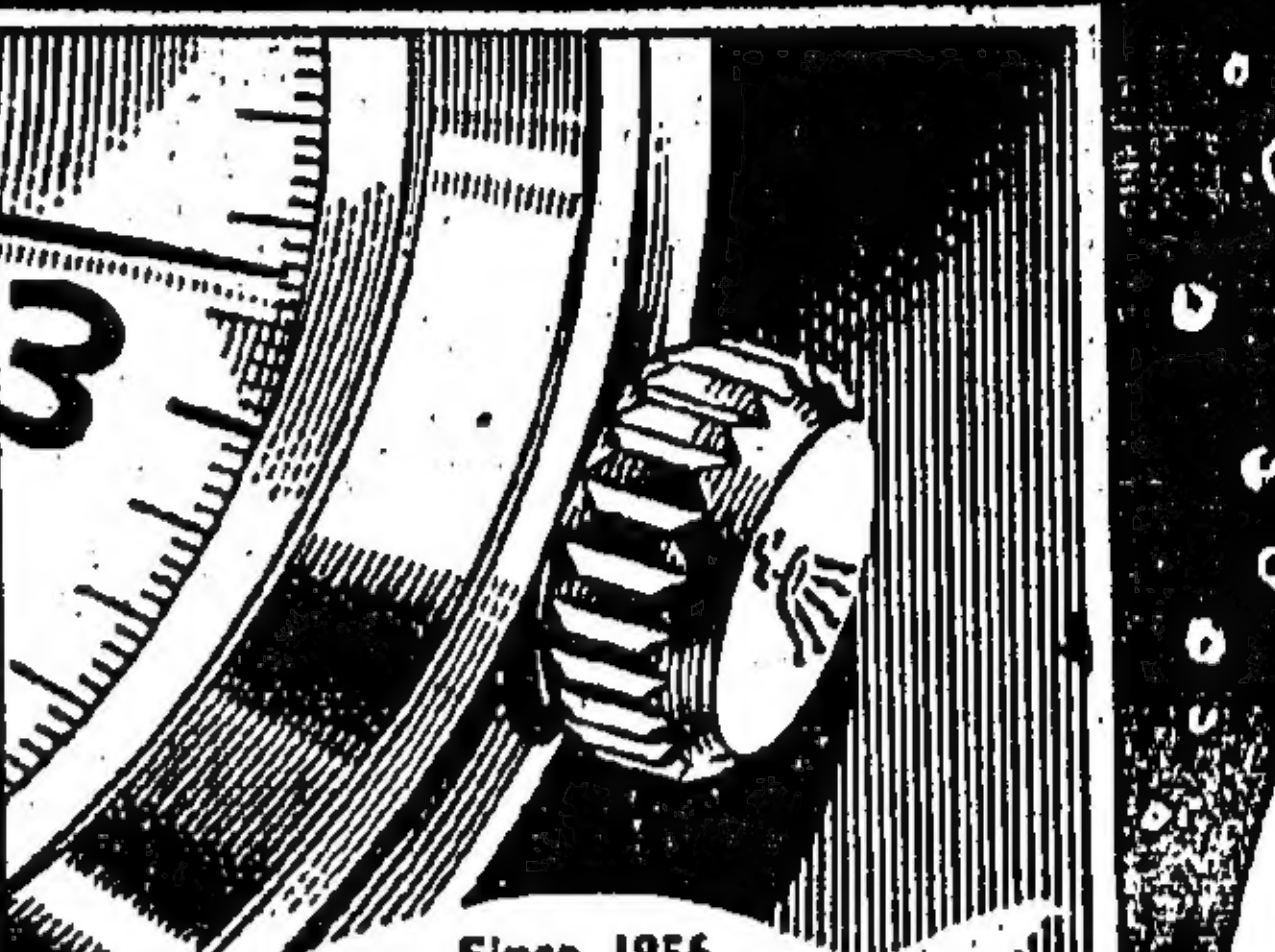
They met recently when Paulina and her mother, visited Sweden. Marie came back, here with them.

The wedding took place recently.

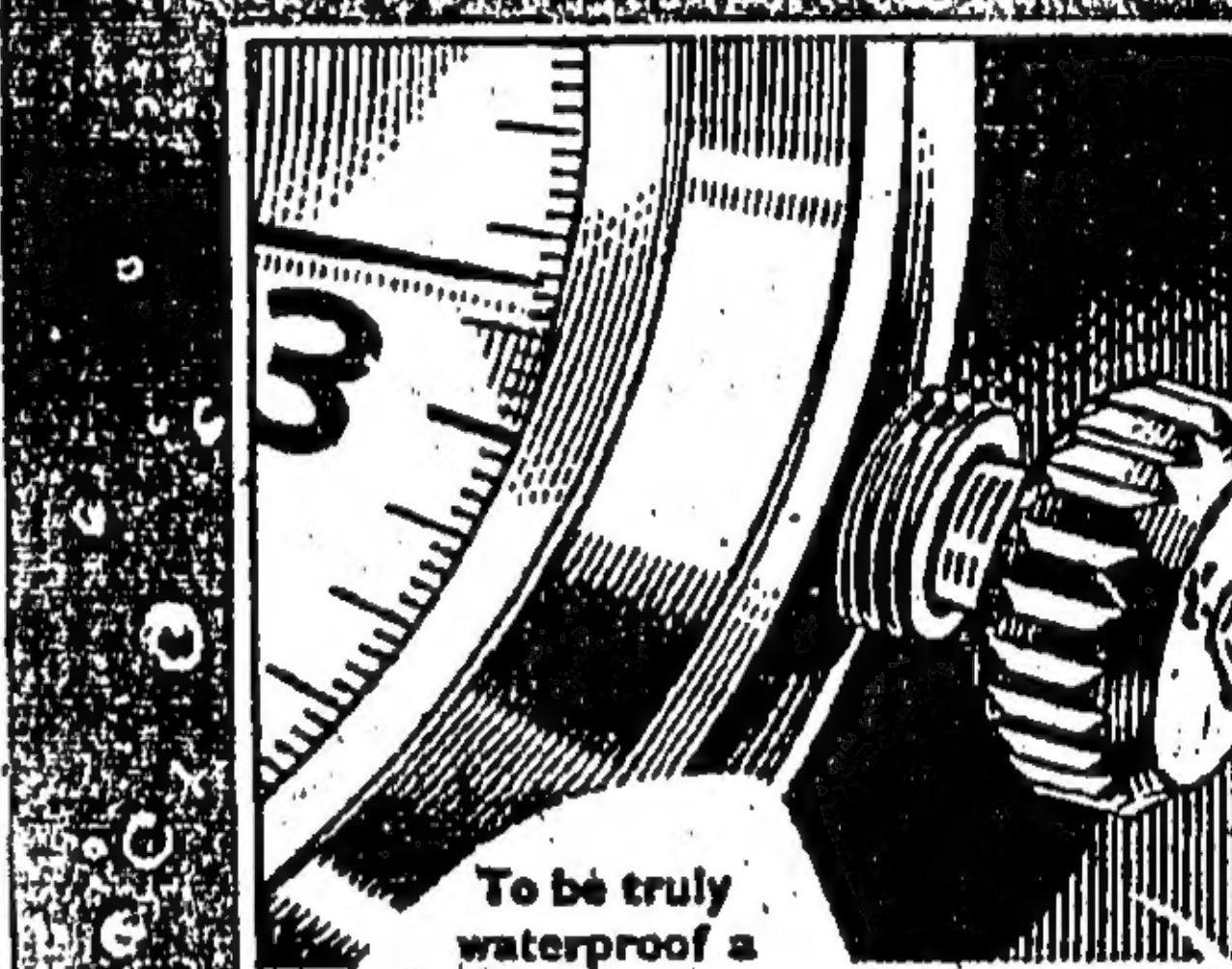
—U. P. I.

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ABOVE LEFT: Prince Charles operating a circular saw on Balmoral estate, under the admiring gaze of the Queen, Prince Philip and Princess Anne during a recent holiday.

★
LEFT: 'Professor' James Cagney (left) talking with Lord Kilbracken in a Dublin film studio where he is making a film about the days of 'the troubles'. The film is entitled 'Shake Hands With The Devil', and will include Dame Sybil Thorndyke and her husband, Sir Lewis Casson.

★
BELOW: Olivia De Havilland, elegant star who says she practises yoga to keep slim, after her arrival in London recently.

ABOVE: Lady Docker suffered a great disappointment when Monaco authorities refused her permission to come to see her son, Lance Callingham, take part in the water-ski championships there. Lance, who is a skilled water-ski, is enjoying the galaty of Juan-les-Pins, and has been seen in the company of Anna Gerber, daughter of the South African millionaire.

★
RIGHT: Petite, 5ft. Mary Pickford arrived in London recently with her pretty daughter, Roxanna (5ft. 5 1/2 in.). They are on their way to Switzerland where Roxanna goes to school.

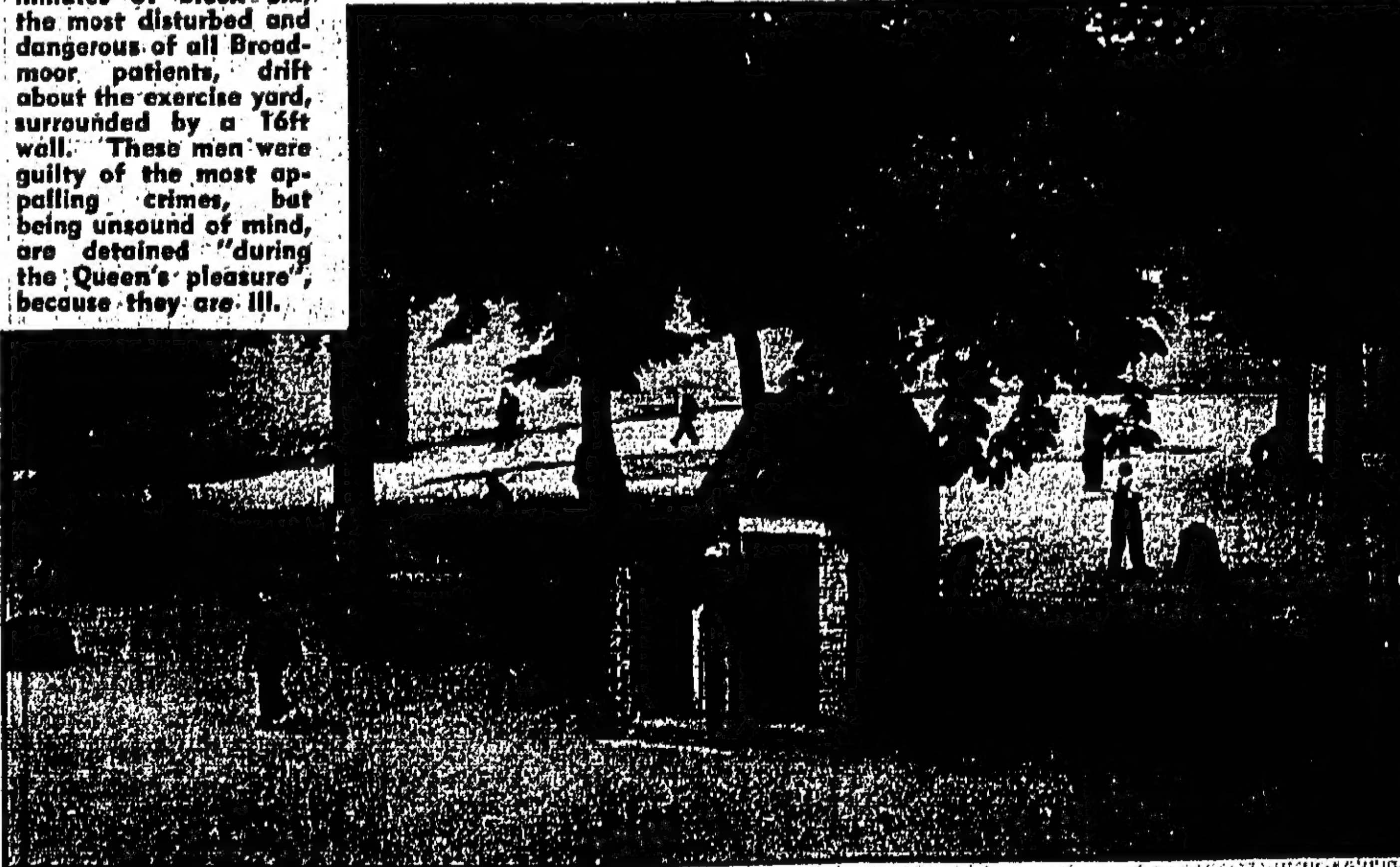
★
BELOW: Singly, each wrapped in his own strange thoughts, the inmates of Block Six, the most disturbed and dangerous of all Broadmoor patients, drift about the exercise yard, surrounded by a 16ft wall. These men were guilty of the most appalling crimes, but being unsound of mind, are detained 'during the Queen's pleasure' because they are ill.



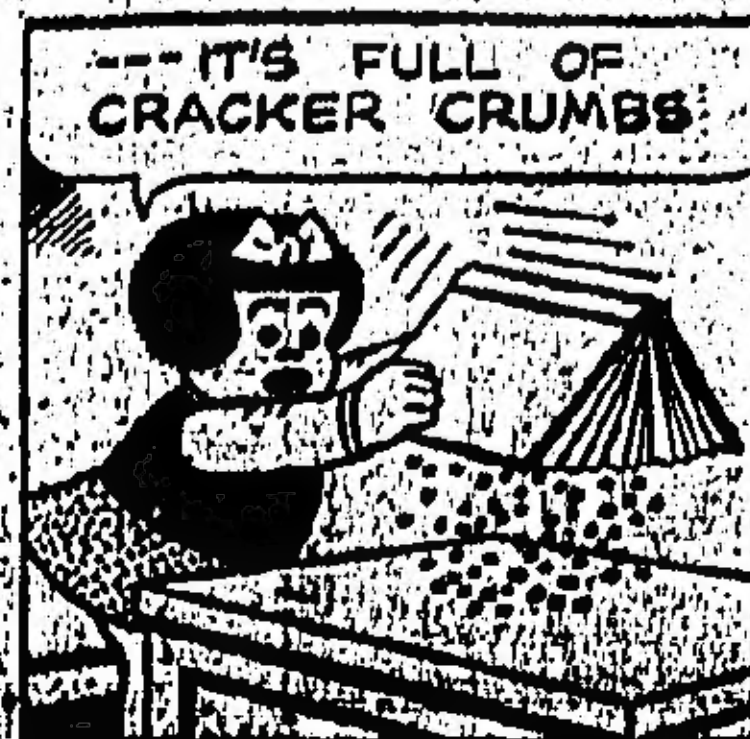
ABOVE: A brief story that gives a lead on how British people should try to live in harmony with citizens of a different colour, comes from Glasgow. At the Central Station there, a four-year-old girl, Alexis Falconer, sobbed bitterly on parting from Nurse Willietta (Billy) Priddy, a coloured nurse who has been in Britain for nine years and was returning to her native Sierra Leone. 'Don't go, don't go' sobbed Alexis, as her loving friend was leaving. Picture shows Alexis taking a tearful farewell of Nurse Willietta.



LEFT: With a tartan rug to keep her warm, Princess Margaret is seen recently about to drive 35 miles to the home of her host and hostess, Captain Ian and Lady Margaret Tennant, at Innes House, near Elgin, after attending the Seaforth and Cameron Highlanders' ball, in Inverness. She had danced all night with officers in full highland dress, joining in reels with nimble grace. And at the end she was as fresh and smiling as ever.



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

Let's Take Hongkong's Word

By R. W. Thompson



SAVVY: Basically, 'know,' 'understand.' The word is known wherever the English language is spoken and turns up regularly in colloquial speech. Phrases such as *My savvy*, *I understand* and *That boy got plenty savvy*, 'That boy is no fool,' are common in the books on South China published in the last century. It is even given a French flavour in the *Fan Qui* at Canton, in the phrase *no sa-sa-vez*. This word is almost certainly of Portuguese origin: *sabe*.

SMA: SZ, Hongkong Cantonese for *sarsaparilla*. These syllables represent the introductory foreign single system since final-*s* is alien to the Cantonese phonetic system.

SHOH FA I: *Solo*, in Hongkong Cantonese. The final syllable means 'solo.'

SHOH FA I: *Solo*, in Hongkong Cantonese. The final syllable means 'solo.'

SHROFF: Usually a cashier in Hongkong. It is an Anglo-Indian word and was originally the name given to a native servant employed to detect bad coins. The word is of Arabic origin, *sarrafa*, *sarrafa*, *sarrafa* and probably passed through Indo-Portuguese to English. A Portuguese source of 1654 writes *sarrafo*, the *x* of which represents English *sh*. The earliest English references I have been able to find, date from Foster's letters of the early seventeenth century where this word is spelt *Saraffe* or *Sheraff*. Fryer, however, wrote *Shroff* in 1703. *Shroff* has also been used as a verb to examine coins. Giles in his *Glossary of Reference* (1878) says that *shroffing* schools were 'common in Canton, where teachers of the art keep bad dollars for the purpose of exercising their pupils; and several works on the subject have been published there, with numerous illustrations of dollars and other foreign coins, the methods of scooping out silver and filling up with copper or lead, comparisons between genuine and counterfeit dollars, the difference between native and foreign issuing, etc. etc.'

HIDE: This word was of great semantic importance in China Coast Pidgin, and, naturally, in the English of Hongkong where it still appears in print in sub-standard combinations. In most cases *Pidgin* usage is fairly faithful to Cantonese or other Chinese models. Here are some common examples: *Top-side*, *top*, upstairs; *Have got water top-side* (Leland); *bottom-side*, *below*, down, under, low; *long-side*, with, by, near, accompanying; *outside*, foreign, outside old river, Yangtze Kiang, outside old river man, Northern Chinese; *come this side*, arrived here, just now; *have got two-piece loss-house-man come this side*, two missionaries have arrived. Even the expressions *Hongkong-side* and *Kowloon-side* may sound strange to the ears of the newly-arrived Englishman, Australian, New Zealander or American.

SIN SZ: Cents as borrowed by Hongkong Cantonese.

SNAPPER: Various kinds of Hongkong fish, usually of the genus *Lutjanus*. See Herklotz and Lin, *Food-Fishes of Hongkong*.

SOLE: Macao sole. Herklotz and Lin say this may be either *Cynoscion sinensis*, *Sciaenops ocellatus* (pointed sole) in Cantonese or *Cynoscion rutilans*, *Fong Lei* (rectangular sole) in Cantonese.

SQUEEZE: An illegal extortion. Partridge dates it back only to 1880. In the *Fan Kwai* at Canton (1882) it is stated that 'if the licence (of the Hong merchants) ... was costly, it secured to them uninterrupted and extraordinary pecuniary advantages; but on the other hand it subjected them to 'calls' or 'squeezes' for contributions to public works.'

When the author of the *Fan Kwai* ... made a pass at a Tanka sampan-woman at Macao the latter cried out *Nai nai* Mandarin see; he squeeze meel he squeeze meel Mandarin see. The *Hong Kong Daily Press* of 10th October, 1877, reports that 'Formosa has long been viewed by native officials as a fat field for the practice of what is vulgarly known as squeezing, though politely termed taxation.'

SUT SHAM: Shirt in Hongkong Cantonese. The first element is the loan-word introduced with the foreign garment.

The second element means 'garment.'

SYCEE: Pure silver (Chinese), *shai*, 'fine silk' in Cantonese. Giles says that this name was given because silver, if really pure, may be drawn out into fine threads. The earliest reference to this word in English quoted in *Hobson Jobson* is that of Lockyer (1711): 'Formerly they used to sell for *Stee*, or Silver full fine; but of late the method is altered.' Giles quotes the following atrocious doggerel on the etymology of this word:

"Some ask me what the cause may be
That Chinese silver's called *sycee*,
'Tis probable they call it so
Because they sigh to see it go."

SZ MAAT: Smart, as a loan-word in Hongkong Cantonese.

SZ MAAT TO: Cement in Hongkong Cantonese.

SZ TAAM: Stamp in Hongkong Cantonese.

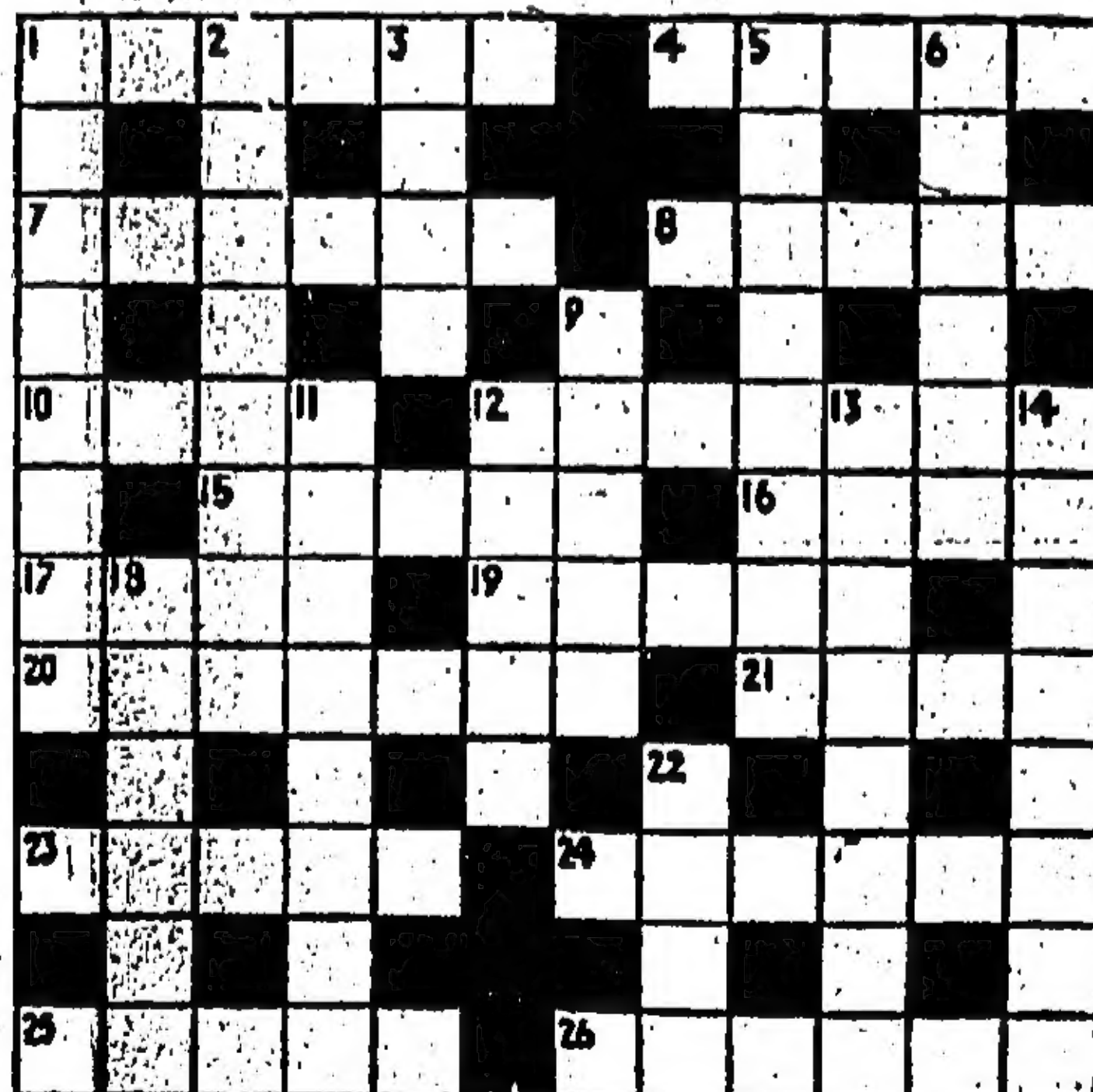
SZ TIM: Steam, in Hongkong Cantonese.

SZ TIK: Stick, in Hongkong Cantonese.

SZ TOH: Store, (i.e. shop), in Hongkong Cantonese.

SUET KO PAH: Ice-cream pie, in Cantonese. The last element is the English word *pie*.

A British Crossword Puzzle

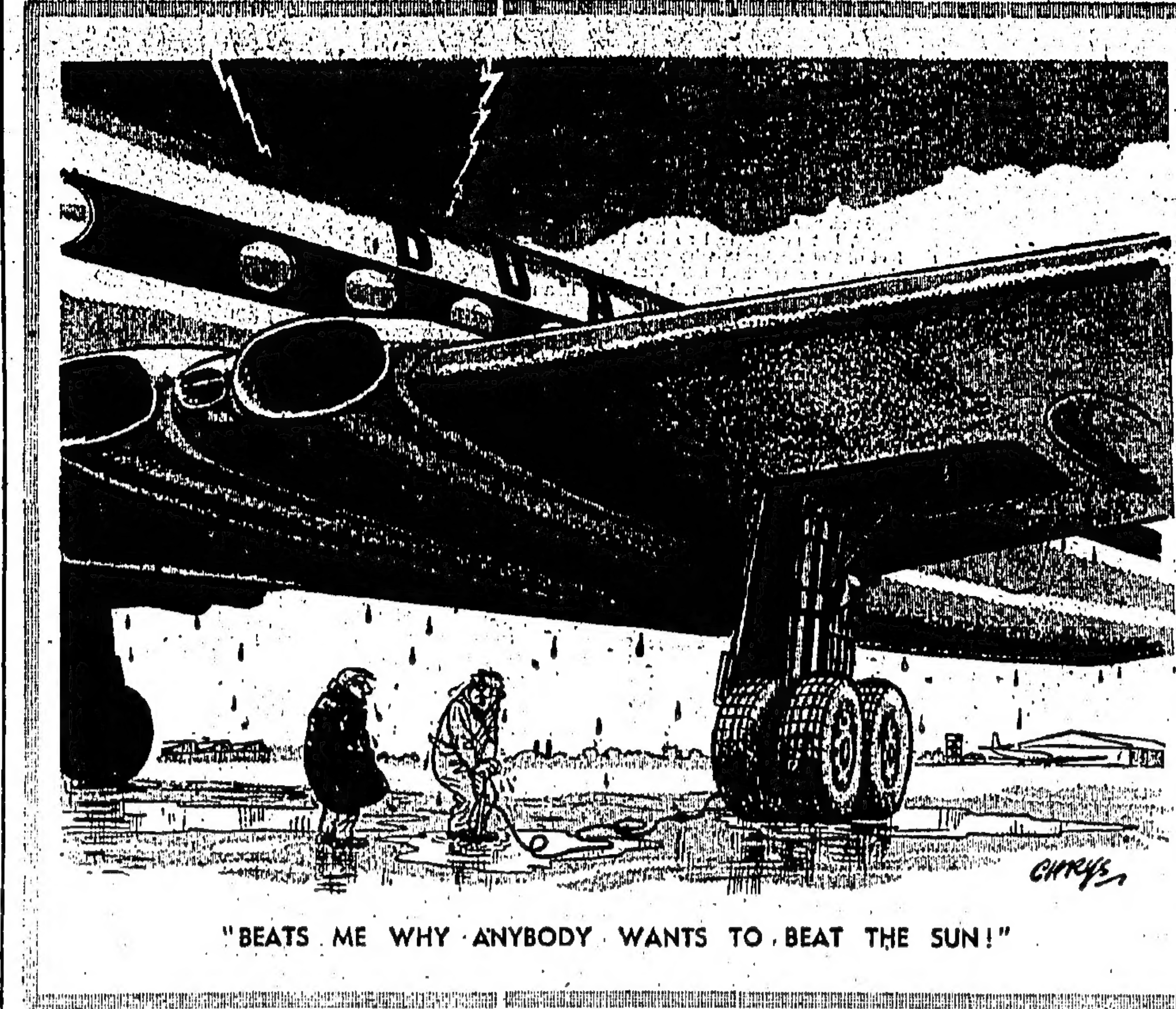


ACROSS

1. Dog's delight (4).
4. Ornamental jumper (5).
7. Lowered for sleep (6).
8. Girl's name (5).
10. Mine Gallery (4).
12. More than a summary, to be exact (7).
13. Musical piece, perhaps (5).
14. Brainwave (4).
17. Poet's name (4).
19. Poet, positively (5).
20. Such a commentary may, however, convey a walking dead (7).
21. Gaily labour (4).
23. Piece don't die, girl (5).
24. That's your lot! (6).
25. Narrative, mainly political (5).
26. Nothing to say (6).

DOWN

1. Lift, as a verb (8).
2. This one would call it (8).
3. Essayist (4).
5. Remover of royalty (8).
6. Agrees to become fat (6).
9. Feature of forks (5).
11. The T.O. of P.T.O. (8).
12. Instructions or instructions for playing it (5).
18. His '185' are seldom practical (3).
14. What you get (8).
16. Red fish! Could be (8).
22. Two alike (4).



"BEATS ME WHY ANYBODY WANTS TO BEAT THE SUN!"

London Letter

ARE rich people really necessary? If the answer is "Yes," then should they be allowed to bequeath their wealth, or a large portion of it, to their heirs and successors?

This is not a quiz game (although it would provide a lively theme for discussion) but a serious question which has been made topical by the recent death of that remarkable 75-year-old woman—the Viscountess Rhonda.

It is essential to our story to take note that her father, David Alfred Thomas, was a Welshman who was educated at Oxford University but did not allow the romanticism of the senior University to blind himself to a stern realism. He became a big colliery owner, a member of Parliament, and despite a long personal feud with his fellow Welshman, David Lloyd George, the latter appointed him Minister of Health. Then in the 1914 war he took over the Ministry of Food and made a great success of it.

Just before the war was ended Lloyd George created him a Viscount but it was a glory that lasted only a few weeks. The ultimate democracy of death took him away from life's struggle and life's glory.

Alas! He had no son. The brief candle of a Viscountcy had gone out. There was a daughter but unhappily the British laws of succession ordain that hereditary titles, except with royalty, are only maintained through the male line.

Lloyd George, however, was determined to pay the debt of his fellow countryman so by special decree it was ordained that Rhonda's daughter should be created a Viscountess in her own right.

Here indeed was a difficult and delicate situation. In 1908 she married a more earnestly named Sir Humphrey Mackworth but the marriage was not a success and was eventually dissolved.

Up to that time the bestowing of a peerage on a woman was a very rare thing, but it brought happiness and a sense of purpose to Lady Rhonda. Her father had been a mighty servant of the state. Now she, his daughter, would create a weekly magazine in which she could play a part in moulding public opinion.

Unhappily a sense of purpose or even a sense of dedication is not enough to ensure success with the reading public. Yet she and her staff worked hard and produced an intelligent periodical, even though there was no touch of genius about it.

The name of the magazine was *TIME AND TIDE* and for a while it did well, but like all publications it had eventually to face the challenge of the new monster of television. But it remained alive.

There was a genuine grief among her editorial associates when Lady Rhonda's death was announced. She was a brave and

by
Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P.

But it is not merely the professional man who suffers from the burden of taxation. The managing director of a mighty industrial firm employing thousands of workers may draw a salary of £15,000 a year. The strain on him is great but so are the claims. The earnings of his company grow but if his salary grows with them the Treasury holds him up like a highwayman and demands a bigger share of the swag.

Inevitably the industrialist, and the self-employed man, turn to the medium where they might win. If, for example, I buy shares in a South African gold mine and the shares go up I can take my profit, if there is one, and pay no income tax upon it.

But if a man gives his very life blood in creating something that did not previously exist the Treasury close on the money like a grasping miser.

Fortunately in Britain there is a Prime Minister who is not merely a politician but a publisher of wide experience. We have heard probably too much about Macmillan's grandfather who lived in Scotland as a poor crofter but bred a family which in the third generation produced a mighty publishing house and eventually a great Prime Minister. But is the same road of opportunity open today? No one will any that opportunity has ceased to exist—but the road narrows and the rewards lessen.

So we return to the strange and rather wistful story of Viscountess Rhonda. As a woman of honour she directed in her will that her trustees should discharge out of her general estate any sums owed by her or any guarantees she had given to the printers in connection with the publishing of *TIME AND TIDE*.

I have already mentioned her £20,000 on trust for her nephew, and a similar amount for a friend, but there were also a number of £1,000 benefactions to tried friends and colleagues. In fact a beautiful woman had departed life in an aura of beautiful generosity, even if her benefactions could only be partially realised.

Now let us leave her in the peace of eternity and end this London Letter with a short discussion on the origin of death duties, and their effect upon the social scene of the United Kingdom.

The taxing of the dead is not a modern or even a Victorian invention. Actually, it dates back to the Romans. Before the 17th century was out many European countries had imposed inheritance taxes. The British

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WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

Two Kings Pulled Down London Bridge

And down came company of soldiers with it

MOST of London's 14 road bridges over the Thames have an interesting story. The old Southwark Bridge, for example, was opened at midnight in 1819, by candlelight.

In the 18th century, Blackfriars Bridge had a half-penny toll, but when the charge was raised to a penny on Sundays, Londoners rioted and burned down the toll-house. This bridge was a memorial to William Pitt.

The finest bridge in Europe was thought to be London's former Waterloo Bridge. One of its gracefully curved arches, however, became weakened and in 1924 it was closed to traffic. Eleven years passed before it was decided to demolish the bridge and build a new one.

A former Westminster Bridge, built in 1039-50, was financed by lotteries. This was the bridge from which Wordsworth wrote his famous sonnet which begins, "Earth has not anything to show more fair".

Called "pinapples" from part of the decoration of the present Lambeth Bridge, opened in 1932. It is believed that they are a tribute to the architect, to John Trudgill, the first man to import pinapples into England. He was buried under the old Lambeth Bridge.

Built Again

But none of these bridges can claim the great history of London Bridge. It is possible that there was a bridge not far east of the present one, as long ago as A.D. 43. When Aulus Plautius pursued the Britons across the Thames during the Roman Conquest, it is recorded that some of the troops swam across the river while others "got over the bridge a little way upstream".

In 1014, London Bridge figured prominently in a battle between King Ethelred and the

Danes. Supported by King Olaf of Norway, Ethelred sailed into the Thames with his fleet. The Danes had a castle in the City, and in "Sulhwite's" now Southwark, they had erected a stone and timber bulwark fortified by a strong army.

Between the castle and Southwark, over the Thames, was a broad bridge with raised battlements and built on piles driven into the river bed. The Norwegian ships lay alongside the bridge and were covered by great wooden platforms to withstand the missiles thrown down by the Danes.

Then Ethelred ordered cables to be put round the bridge piers. The cables were made fast to the boats, and the boats were rowed away. Down came the bridge, and with it the Danish company morning it.

A Monster

A century later, in 1330, London Bridge was down again, this time as a result of the Peter of Colchester decided to build another bridge in 1170, but he died in 1205 before it could be completed. A chapel had already been erected on the bridge, however, and Peter was buried in the undercroft. This burial on a bridge must be unique.

By 1358, the bridge had become a busy trading centre with 138 shops, and the chapel still remained. Even then, it was possible that London Bridge shoppers still talked about the occasion in 1240 when a whale, "a monster of prodigious size", swam through one of the arches of the bridge. It was chased by sailors armed with slings and bows, and killed at Merstake after a long fight.

There was another fight in 1281, when a severe winter brought down great blocks of ice against the bridge with

such force that five arches gave way. This may have been the incident which gave rise to the famous song, "London Bridge is broken down, my fair lady".

The word "starlings" did not mean birds in the 17th century. Starlings then were wooden platforms which protected the piers of London Bridge and forced the water into narrow, fast-flowing channels. So dangerous were these starlings that an oil proverb used to say "London Bridge was made for wise men to go over and fools to go under." On one day in November 1693, 15 people were drowned in the swirling waters under the bridge.

Between 1750 and 1762, the picturesque houses and shops on London Bridge were removed by Act of Parliament. Alternative accommodation appears to have been found for the evicted shopkeepers, but not all of them were happy in their new homes. Mr Baldwin, a 71-year-old haberdasher, complained that he could not get to sleep at Chichester, Kent. He missed the round of the Thames under his home.

In succeeding years, the bridge was patched up many times and it was not until 1821 that a committee of the House of Commons reported in favour of building an entirely new bridge. The first pile was driven in on March 15, 1824, about 100 feet west of the old bridge, which was not demolished until 1831. It was in August of that year that the new granite bridge—the one that stands today—was opened by William IV and Queen Adelaide.

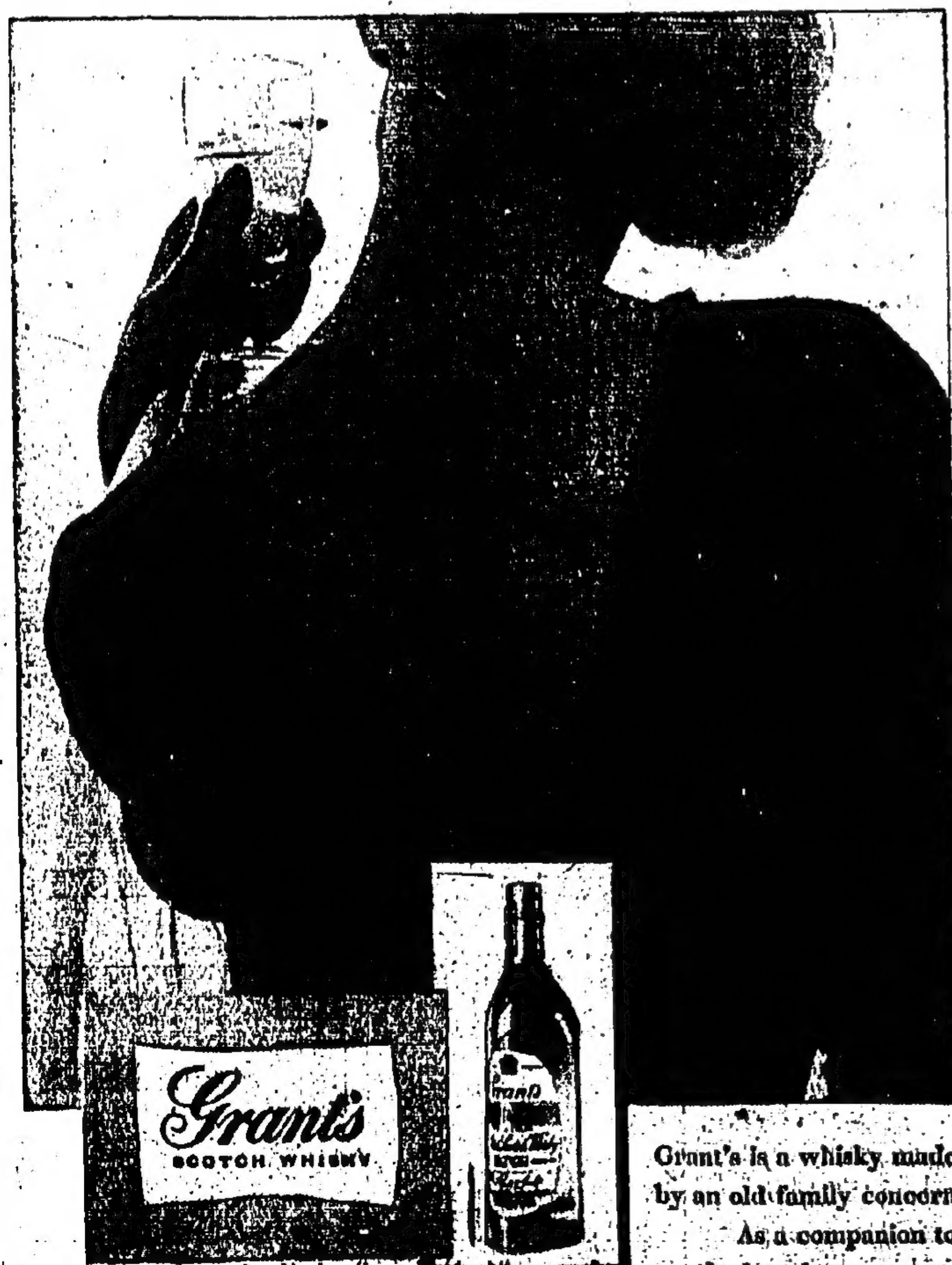
It has only five arches, compared with the 20 narrow ones of the old London Bridge, through which the tide had formed such dangerous rapids that it must have taken a greater toll of human life than any other bridge in history.

A back across a room

The chatter of the gayest party

An occasion that deserves the

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If you travel by train almost anything can happen

TO the clanging of bells, the shrieks of children, and the wailing of farewells, the "Poona Express" pulled out of Bombay.

This is one of the most famous trains of India. It clangs and whistles over 120 miles of alternating, but steel-rail so hot that it burns the feet of the truckmen who cross it.

As soon as we had left Victoria Station, Bombay, an inspector, dressed in white flannels and singlet, and wearing a topi, came into the compartment.

He examined each ticket several times, both sides, and from various angles, as if he had never seen one before. This is the way of small officials in India.

Bobbed up

When the official had gone, the head of a small boy bobbed up outside the window. He had joined at Bombay, and now, like several others, was having a free ride to the next stop, clinging on for dear life as the train thundered along.

His hair blew out straight in the wind. He entered a tunnel and thundered through. At the other end, as the light returned, he was, to my surprise, still clinging on and smiling toothily. He left us at the next station, still smiling and filthy.

Stations in India are noisy, smelly, and confused. They are the perfect example of order not emerging from chaos.

Women in bright-coloured saris and men in off-white shirts and a kind of skirt wrapped round the legs, called a dhoti, rush about in panic.

Porters, all in crimson turbans, carry enormous loads on their heads—some balance as many as three large boxes with a massive bundle on top. (Few people have suitcases.)

Many travellers carry mattresses with them, for some train journeys take three days.

Mixing with these are numerous officials, all carrying flags, whistles, note-books and pencils; all dressed in spotless white trousers and wearing important-looking white topis.

The bells...

Suddenly one of the officials rings a bell hanging from the platform awning. The confusion now becomes immense. Everyone shouts at everyone else. Everyone waves his arms in desperation, or in anger. No one listens.

Nothing happens. This continues for a minute or two. Then the bell is rung again.

Pandemonium is let loose. Even the beggars who throng all stations in India get knocked aside.

The vendors of cold drinks, sweets and fruit follow potential customers inside the train.

All platforms on Indian stations are crowded with these soft-drink characters. Most of them have about half a dozen bottles of lemonade, which they

carry around in buckets of water. Every other man in India is trying to sell soft drinks. Water is brought round in a bucket free—to dip your hands in, drink, or pour down your neck.

But still the train has not left. "Express" in India merely means that a train does not stop at every possible station. It just stops at nearly every possible station—usually for five minutes; sometimes for half an hour.

Flashed by

At last we moved off. Outside, the parched, scorched countryside of India flashed past. Indian trains are often late. "In the Calcutta area," the Indian "station" masters are frequently attacked, and station staff have to lock themselves in when a late train arrives. Passengers there have even invaded and damaged a signals box.

The papers are also full of the agencies suffered by the engine drivers and the firemen who work before the arrival of the cooling season, in frightful conditions. It is common to read of them dying of heat-stroke. Recently there have been many serious accidents, and a Government commission has been appointed.

The steel carriages are brown, with large, long windows. There are three classes, and all notices, on the stations and inside the compartments are in English as well as Hindi.

My companions were a business man and a student, both dressed in the inevitable off-white. Customs in train compartments vary somewhat between Britain and India. Even in first-class compartments, in India it is normal to take your shoes off (few people wear socks in the summer) and curl your feet up under you on the seat, or, alternatively, stick them out towards your neighbour.

Ardent

In a climate like India's this is comfortable, no doubt, but it has its disadvantages as far as the neighbours are concerned. "Take your shoes and socks off," the business man advised me.

INSIDE NEHRU'S INDIA

SECOND REPORT

route is known as one of the most picturesque in India. We left the coastal plain for the inner plateau. Slowly we climbed the steep gradients, while the dunes whirled and the passengers snored.

Not so good

The business man opened the door. I thought he had had enough and was going to jump out into the depths below. A great gust of hot air swirled about in the compartment.

"That's cooler," said the business man. I had not noticed it. The wind in India is so hot, it was as if a giant, even door had just been opened.

At the next station, we had a longer hold-up than usual. A cow had decided to lie flat on the sleepers, its head facing the engine. Cows are extraordinarily well thought of in India—in fact, they are sacred.

by
BRIAN GARDNER

It took a good deal of unexpected wheedling to get this one into the right frame of mind to move.

Fascination

The railways of India are one of the great engineering feats of the world. They have a strange fascination, and air of romance, despite their appalling inefficiency.

Even to Indians who travel on them frequently, a train journey is always an event. It entails no end of planning and discussion. Some hire servants especially to look after them on a long journey.

We passed a narrow, winding river, beside which long, colourful saris (usually the yards long) were laid out to dry. Wild dogs stood and yapped at us as we tore by. From the open door, and the wide open windows, the dry, dusty fragrance of India rushed in.

Deserted

We could tell when we were getting near Poona—once the great British military centre in India—by the deserted remnants of camps in the countryside. On concrete slabs, Nissen huts once stood. In crumbling barracks blocks squatters have made their homes.

The district of Poona is like a ghostly Salisbury Plain, dropped in the middle of India. It is weirdly deserted. Not a soldier to be seen in mile after mile of barracks.

"They are all in Kashmir," I was told. "It is like a huge military zone up there." The business man took me to his home—for a soft drink. He lived near the centre of the town in a white bungalow with verandahs. A boy was throwing water on to the matting on the outside walls in an attempt to keep the house cool.

The boy served us our lukewarm soft drinks, which we drank out of the bottle.

"My wife found him in the streets," he said. "We have given him a home."

There was no fan, and the boy waved a large piece of cardboard in our faces.

Courteous

"We used to have a fan, but since we are not in the soft drink trade as when the British troops were here," I sat in the only chair in the room. My host and his wife

sprawled on the matting carpet. "I prefer it this way," he explained.

He showed me around the town. Most Indians are extraordinarily courteous. Most of them have plenty of time to be helpful to strangers.

"You will find a very odd atmosphere here," he said. "I did. I found deserted streets, an occasional lounging sentry, a few newspaper stalls, starved-looking taxi-drivers sitting around waiting for something to happen, and empty shops, many of which still specialised in European-style tailoring and food."

Refugees from Pakistan have collected here with the usual army of hangers-on.

The hovels in which they live on the outskirts of the town are waist-high structures, which you can enter only by crawling in on hands and knees.

The whole town has an air of decay. The few troops one does see are by no means smart. Here are traces of white paint round a tree on a dangerous corner; there is what might once have been a tidy barracks block.

Windows in empty offices, quarters bang in the breeze. The famous Main Street is now known as Mahatma Gandhi Road.

There is very little to show that the British Army once passed this way.

NEXT WEEK:

Pilgrimage to Benares

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

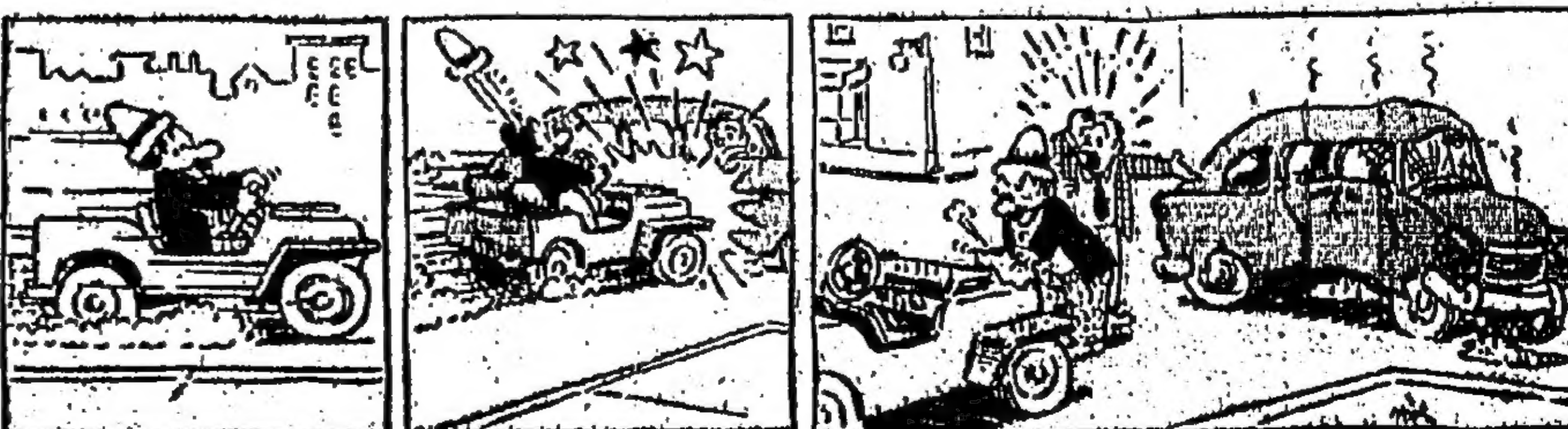
By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



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SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Your garden sort of went to pot while you were away, Ed—I could hardly find the tomatoes for the woods!"

ROUND-UP

GUARDS VISIT COLDSTREAM

FOR the first time in 37 years the Coldstream Guards are back in the area where the regiment was raised over 300 years ago. The 2nd Battalion of the regiment formed by Colonel George Monck is spending five weeks in camp near Otterburn, Northumberland. It is a fact that more soldiers join the regiment from the North than from any other area in Britain. It was a great day for the battalion when, at the invitation of the Provost, the men visited Coldstream, South Berwickshire. History records that in the winter of 1659-60, when stationed at Coldstream, the regiment marched to London to restore Charles II to the throne. It was this great march from Coldstream that gave the regiment its name. Two hundred-fifty years from the regiment were at the Newcastle v. Manchester United match on September 13.

FAMOUS CITY HALL

LONDON'S historic Barbours Hall may be shared by a second organisation when it is built—at a cost of £150,000—next year. There is a possibility the hall may be used in association with another learned body, said Mr. J. Trustram, clerk to the Company of Barber-Surgeons, in London. The new hall to replace the one destroyed by enemy bombing in December, 1940, will cover most of the Cripplegate site it has occupied for the last 600 years. But the company has been asked to move the hall 30ft. forward, and negotiations are going on with the City Corporation for an exchange of land. When it finished the company's art treasures, dispersed before the bombing, will be returned to it. One is the great Holbein picture of Henry VII, much admired by Popeye which has been in safe-keeping at Hampton Court. Priceless silver will also be moved into the new hall, together with the Master's chair.

STUDY TOUR

SIX Westminster Hospital medical students are leaving soon for the Belgian Congo on a scientific expedition, which will take 34 months and cover 12,000 miles. The students will observe bodily changes in people actually travelling to and in the tropics. Conditions will range from flooded areas near Lake Chad to desert in the Sahara. The party will return through French Equatorial Africa to Nigeria, across the Sahara to Algiers, and then to Tangier.

THESE ARE THE MEN YOU SO VERY RARELY SEE... BUT THE WAY THEY MAKE A FILM IS AS PERSONAL AS A SIGNATURE...

MY FIVE TOP TALENTS

By MILTON SHULMAN

DIRECTORS are constantly bewailing their anonymity. But the fault is largely the public's.

They have preferred to choose their films by an actor's face rather than a director's touch. Attempts to publicise directors have rarely meant much at the box-office.

But, occasionally, a director's genius has broken through this indifference barrier. A film made by Lubitsch or Renoir or John Ford was as recognisable and unique as a man's signature. Audiences came to realise that such talents were a surer guide to good pictures than the presence of a star.

IMAGINATIVE

Before the war few British directors had achieved the distinction of public recognition. Perhaps only Alfred Hitchcock—and he had to go to Hollywood to solidify his fame.

But the post-war years have been different. Opportunity to make pictures has been matched by a growing assurance and imaginative skill among British directors.

Today there are at least five directors working in British studios who have won international acclaim, and whose names on the sub-titles mean more to audiences than merely a few feet of flickering celluloid.

INTELLECTUAL

Sir Carol Reed.—There is almost a hypnotic compulsion about a Carol Reed film. Even when they are unsuccessful they command attention because they are forever promising excitement.

In films like *Odd Man Out*, *The Fallen Idol* and *The Third Man* he has brought an intellectual dimension to the orthodox thriller. This is largely due to the vivid visual strokes he uses to delineate a character.

There is a penchant for the bizarre in Reed's taste which delights in trapping the exotic and outlandish on celluloid. The eerie atmosphere of espionage in *Night Train to Munich*, the sultry environment of Conrad's novel, *The Outcast of the*

Islands, the quaint cockney exuberance of *A Kid in Two Farthings*, the spongy vivacity of the circus in *Trapeze*, are subjects which tempt him—sometimes with less than happy results.

His use of the camera is superb. A bouncing ball, a stalling cat, a winding staircase can invest a scene with more drama than a wealth of words. And his wizardry with a sound track needs no better testimony than the haunting zither music of *The Third Man*.

CRAFTSMANSHIP

With his demanding interest in details, his films take a long time in the making. Having just completed *The Key*, a tale of tugboats and passion, it will probably be close to two years before we see another picture from him.

But at the age of fifty-one, his flair and craftsmanship have made him one of the few living directors whose name alone is enough to send millions scurrying to the cinema.

Sir Laurence Olivier.—A good part of Britain's growing up through the technical rungs of film production to the role of director, David Lean learned that good films were made in the cutting-room. His pictures have a glowing and articulate visual quality, equalled only by Carol Reed.

Until Olivier tackled our greatest cultural asset, the Bard had been considered impossible screen material. Hollywood productions such as *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Romeo and Juliet* had to be written off as experimental failures.

RARE FEAT

But just after the war, Olivier's production of *Henry V* showed how it could be done. Using the camera to enhance rather than clutter up the poetry, taking advantage of the wide open spaces of the cinema to stage such magnificent spectacles as the charge of horses at Agincourt, he achieved the rare feat of intellectual and exciting film-making.

Hamlet displeased some of the pedants who would have nothing of this masterpiece cut, snugly

falling to realise that a complete *Hamlet* would have meant a film over four hours long. But to the less exacting this was an impressive re-creation of a great theatrical experience. Richard III was a superb interpretation of this complex plot of majestic malevolence.

STIFFNESS

Olivier's one venture into non-Shakespearean direction, *The Prince and the Showgirl*, revealed some awkward stiffness in a few of the scenes, but with Marilyn Monroe panting seductively at his side it was successful enough at the box office.

The news that his red beard is to be shaved off and that the projected film of *Macbeth* has been shelved for the moment is a sad sign of the times, but one suspects that Olivier's prodigious enthusiasm and resolution will see to it that the postponement is not over-long.

GLOWING

David Lean.—By climbing from the ranks of clapper-boy up through the technical rungs of film production to the role of director, David Lean learned that good films were made in the cutting-room. His pictures have a glowing and articulate visual quality, equalled only by Carol Reed.

They have, too, a sentimental tenderness, missing from the work of most of his colleagues. The throat-catching pathos of *Brief Encounter* and the lush enchantment of middle-aged infatuation in *Summer Madness* belied the British reputation for romantic indifference.

Yet in the more rugged environment of masculine courage he showed himself no less effective. The awe-inspiring suspense in *The Sound Barrier* and the bitter irony of *The Bridge on the River Kwai* show that his talent has hardened into a flexible and muscular maturity with the years.

For the latter film he won an Oscar as the best director of 1957. This was a timely and fitting tribute to a man who, in spite of occasional failures, has always treated the cinema as an adult and imaginative medium.

• BY • THE • WAY •
by Beachcomber

HE is a bold man, Robur et accies Triplez Circa Pectus, who comes between a starfish and an oyster. Off Long Island, I read, these two delicacies are at daggers drawn, and divers are trying to separate them.

An oyster, when attacked, usually sits quietly behind the armour of its shell, but the Archdeacon tribe often loses their tempers and spit pearls, but I don't think so. The most coddish enemy of the oyster is a little sea-beast who bores holes in the shell and eats the contents. This is described in Professor Newham-Pawson's "Aspects of the Lamellibranch," with woodcuts by Dame Arcady Pascoe, T.L.H. By the way, the Chinese oyster has a double shell, but I don't think so.

He stumbled ashore

NO Channel-swimming exploit ever moves one as much as the sensational feat of 1951. Just after dawn a man who had come in a motor-boat from France changed into a swimming suit, got overboard and waded ashore, shouting "I've done it!" He collapsed exhausted on the beach and lay there until an early heather found him. He was given a civic welcome and a lunch by the little port at which he had landed. He gave his name as Barlow, but to this day the sceptical believe that it was Captain Foultonough.

"... Shall I call
then bird?"

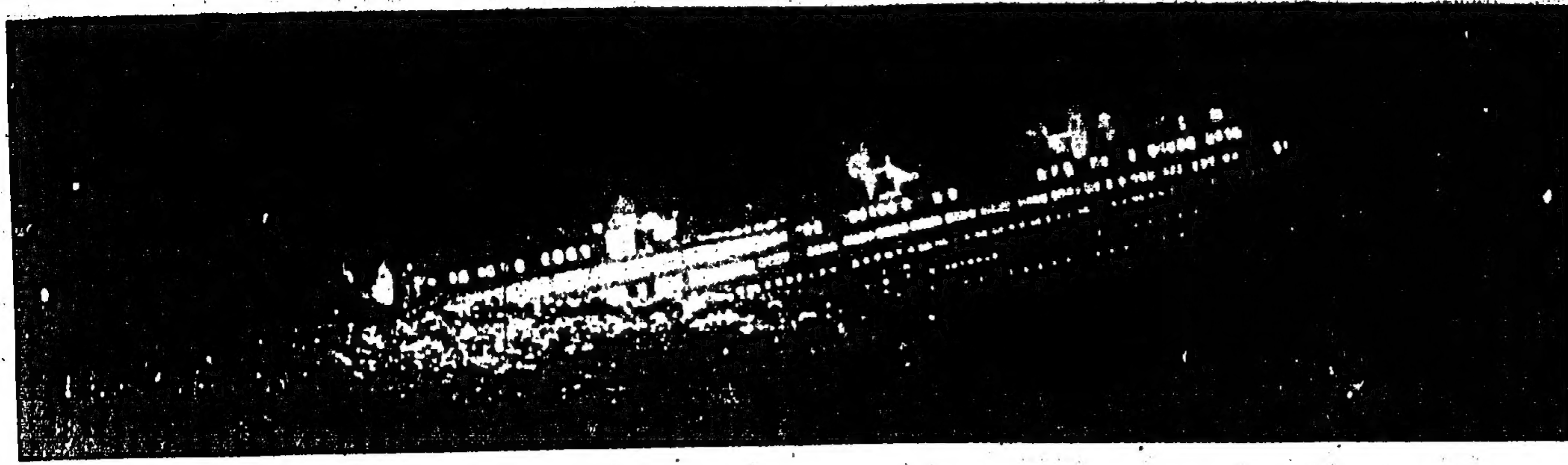
True description of a kipling-like "with a well-settled, built-in cocktail cabinet" as in

"cosy nest" makes me wonder if the owner ever spares a thought for the less cosy nest of the wry-necked beercrest. This songster has to content itself with a mess of feathers, mud, and bits of mouldy straw. The owner of one such kitchenette sits on a bolted egg in the middle of the floor, thinking bird-thoughts till the crows come home. And if the crows have a particle of gumption, they will never come home.

CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEN

"Never leave the king in the centre too long" is the theme of this game, awarded the Best Game Prize in last year's Mid-dlesex Boys' Championship (D. J. Mabbie v. M. M. Broido). 1 P-K4, P-K3; 2 P-Q4, P-Q3; 3 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 4 B-K2, B-K2; 5 P-KR4, P-QB3; 6 Q-K4, P-KB4; 7 Q-Q4, P-KB4; 8 Q-Q4, P-KB4; 9 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 10 Q-K4, P-KB4; 11 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 12 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 13 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 14 Q-K4, P-KB4; 15 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 16 Q-K4, P-KB4; 17 B-K2, Kt-K3; 18 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 19 Q-K4, P-KB4; 20 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 21 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 22 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 23 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 24 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 25 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 26 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 27 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 28 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 29 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 30 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 31 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 32 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 33 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 34 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 35 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 36 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 37 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 38 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 39 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 40 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 41 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 42 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 43 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 44 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 45 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 46 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 47 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 48 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 49 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 50 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 51 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 52 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 53 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 54 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 55 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 56 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 57 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 58 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 59 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 60 Kt-K3, Kt-K3; 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She Won't Hold Out Much Longer!

LOOKING up from the lifeboat, the "Titanic" seemed the biggest thing in the world. I saw many people hanging over the rail. I distinctly heard music, but I do not remember hearing "Nearer my God to Thee." As we drew away, everything was calm and still, with the reflection of the lights on the water, passengers leaning over the rails.....nothing to predict the horror of the next few minutes.

A great deal has been said about the screams in the water. I personally heard none, but many stories have been related about survivors in the water clinging to overcrowded lifeboats and having to be pushed away for fear of the lifeboats being overturned.

After striking out, one of our first thoughts was to look in the boat for a lantern, as we feared another lifeboat might collide with us. We had on board a mate and three young cabin stewards, a number of cabin-class women passengers, seven babies who were separated from their parents, the Turkish bath stewardess, my own room stewardess, and six first-class passengers. I remember that some of them were later very seasick, and the babies were continually screaming and crying. We were lucky to have some men in our boat, as a number had only women, who rowed all night.

Some of the earlier lifeboats had left with few passengers, so reluctant were they to leave the ship; but ours was decidedly overcrowded with 68 passengers. It was scarcely possible to change places for fear of upsetting the boat, and the men could not use the oars properly because of being pressed in on all sides.

All of the seats having been taken some time before I entered the boat, I spent the night sitting on the upright edge of a kind of cot, between two other men. All the time they rowed I had to lean alternately forward and backward, so as not to impede them, but with every stroke, I was nevertheless caught by an oar, either on my chest or on my back. It was this constant thumping which later caused me to develop neuritis—fulfilling the prophecy of Madame de Thebault, for I did indeed lose my sleeping voice for all time, and even my speaking voice was seriously affected for two years. (Fortunately I had just been an amateur singer, although with aspirations.)

Despite the many stars in the sky, it was the blackest night I have ever seen. The mate, who was in some sort of command, had found a piece of rope. He would light it and let it float for a few minutes, swinging it around as a signal, and then extinguishing it. This light was shut by throwing this light he could warn other lifeboats in the vicinity and so prevent our being rammed.

The search for a lantern continued for a long time, but we could not find one, nor could we find a compass or food or drinking water, and there were insufficient oars. These things may have seemed rather unimportant for a lifeboat carried by an unsinkable ship.

I now looked towards the starboard light of the "Titanic," shining brightly green. I noticed that this light seemed to be getting lower, nearer to the water. We had left the liner at about 1:45 a.m. At 2:00 a.m. I looked at my wrist-watch. One of the stewards rowing made the remark: "She won't hold out much longer."

I did not realize even then what he meant, but I heard him say to the other steward: "Let's lean into it and get away or else may still suck us under."

Gradually the green starboard light dropped closer to the water. At about two o'clock, green rockets were fired from the upper deck of the ship. I saw the starboard light disappear into the water. The stern of the ship, fully lighted, stood up before us—surrounded by a skyscraper of light, so high and straight did it rise into the air. Then it seemed to shoot down into the water, every light blazing. There was a heavy explosion beneath the water, then a second and a third. Contrary to what the men in our boat had feared, these explosions actually thrust us further away, as from an invisible hand. Just before the ship went down, there came a huge roar

from her, as though from one throat. The men in our boat asked us all to cheer, saying that what we heard were shouts of joy indicating that all aboard had cleared the ship and were saved. And everyone in our boat did actually cheer three times. This, of course, was merely a device to distract us from the awful sound as the ship went down, and it did at least serve that purpose. Somehow or other we were still quite incapable of realizing the full extent of the tragedy in which we were participants.

The only sense of danger was that the cabin boy, searching for the lantern, crawled over our feet in the overcrowded boat, lighting matches and throwing away the matches. One of the women in the boat amongst the few blankets. We begged him not to do this as we feared fire. He said he did not fear fire, but he was terrified of us. I also tested the ropes. Not to realize, as we might possibly need the few matches for a better purpose later on, and if bits of burned tobacco flew amongst the inflammable clothing of the women and children, it would be dangerous, but this request was ignored.

The sea was absolutely calm and there were stars overhead, but the night was so black that we could see the silent lifeboats around us only when our boat came close upon them, and it was bitterly cold. Against this background of cold "tranquility" a number of women in the boat had become half hysterical with apprehension over absent husbands and children. The babies fretted and cried all night, and I played "La Marseillaise" to calm them, twirling the pig's tail around and around to produce the music. Next day the pig could hardly play, so many times had he been called upon.

All the time we were in the boat we noticed a distant light which seemed to come from another ship. I found out afterwards it was the "Californian," which had it come to our rescue, might conceivably have saved all of us. The official enquiry disclosed that their wireless operator had not received our signal, having gone to bed for this was before the days of round-the-clock radio watches. It also developed later that the "Californian" had tried to signal the "Titanic" by light, but getting no answer from our stricken ship, assumed that we were all right. Not wishing to risk going further through the icebergs at night, the "Californian" just stopped where she was. But how she could have sat there and watched our distress rockets without doing anything, will remain a mystery.

Finally that intense cold which precedes dawn, settled on the water. Only those who have stood a night watch of any kind can realize the peculiarly penetrating chilliness of the half-hour that divides night from morning, in searching for extra clothing for one of the stewardess.

We suddenly came upon a passenger in the bottom of the boat whom we had not noticed before, although he had been lying practically at my feet. By now there was enough light to recognize him as a stoker. The poor fellow was dead. I suppose he may have jumped head first into the boat, knocked himself unconscious, and had frozen to death without being noticed. Presently I saw another light on the horizon, and told the young man rowing next to me that we were still more survivors to be picked up. We were all under the impression that the "Californian" had on board most of our fellow passengers, and few of us anticipated the full extent of the tragedy.

There was nothing on the surface of the water to indicate the horror of the night before except a slight lowering of the horizon and bits of straw and wood floating about. Barrels of ice extended as far as the eye could see. It was brilliantly sunny but still intensely cold. After we had been underway for about three-quarters of an hour, the ship slowed down and the bodies of six sailors who had been taken on board, but who had died of exposure, were buried in the sea. A priest aboard delivered a prayer.

Soon after our arrival on the "Carpathia," most of us sought out the Wireless Operator, Mr. Colman, and tried to send messages to our families and friends. We learned from him that he had intercepted the call for help from the "Titanic" and his dramatic warning of Captain Rostrum who brought the ship to our rescue. Mr. Colman was in the habit of staying up to listen



MR. WILLIAM MACQUITY, professor of the Pinewood School, and MISS EDITH RUSSELL, who was on the Titanic, are shown in a photograph taken at the time of the disaster. Mr. MacQuitty was the first to see the Titanic, and Miss Russell was the first to see the "Californian".

about 8 a.m. my lifeboat, number 11, drew alongside the "Carpathia." Up to that time the sea had remained absolutely calm, but now a great many whitecaps appeared. We were losing and rolling. Having left the "Titanic" at about 1:45 a.m. this made about 8½ hours that I had spent in the lifeboat, but it seemed only an hour.

The first person to leave our boat was a baby boy, who was hoisted up in a canvas sack and the other babies were hoisted aboard in the same way. One little baby struggled madly and did not want to leave at all. After this, a "Bontwick's chair," very much like an old-fashioned cradle, was lowered for the grown-ups. The women were told to sit on the little wooden seat, close their eyes, and hold on tightly to the ropes. There were still more great speed up, and into the "Carpathia." Welcoming hands were stretched out to receive us.

Aboard the "Carpathia" survivors stood waiting for other lifeboats to come alongside. By 9 a.m., sixteen boat-loads had been picked up, and the captain, convinced that there were no more, gave orders to get underway. The agony of those survivors awaiting the possible arrival of loved ones, was indescribable. The "Californian" was on the scene and was to remain there in case there were still more survivors to be picked up. We were all under the impression that the "Californian" had on board most of our fellow passengers, and few of us anticipated the full extent of the tragedy.

Many anecdotes were told by survivors. A Mr. Speddon, disturbed by the "New York" incident as the "Titanic" was leaving Southampton, had made his own inspection of safety devices on board and had observed that there were only 10 lifeboats and 4 collapsible boats, enough for about one-third of the ship's total carrying capacity. He had said to his family: "If anything goes wrong, let us all five stick together." They did, and were saved together.

A Monsieur Rhéims, an importer from Paris, told how before jumping from the ship, he had embraced and said good-bye to his brother-in-law, knowing that the latter could not swim and fearing that they would never see each other again, which they never did. Monsieur Rhéims, together with a number of others, had later managed to climb aboard an overturned collapsible boat. There they maintained a precarious balance

all night, literally half-submerged in the water. Among them there had been a young woman, thought to have been a Miss Evans from Boston, who had given up her place in a lifeboat to a mother and child. She stood upright, as was necessary, as long as she could. Finally she said to M. Rhéims: "I cannot stand any longer. I just must sit down." He told her: "We have to stand to balance the boat or we will drown." She stood a little longer, her body bent closer and closer to the water, and finally she was submerged. She lay dead at his feet for some time, then a wave carried her body out of the boat to the open sea. There was nothing they could do to recover her without upsetting the boat.

When M. Rhéims was brought aboard the "Carpathia," he could think only of this courageous and unfortunate young woman, although his own suffering had been considerable and his legs were frozen.

After all these years, the memory of the grief of so many things tears my eyes. The stories told on the "Carpathia" showed how little the full danger had been realized. One lady who had broken her arm a few hours before the tragedy, had her jewel box with her as she was about to get into a lifeboat. She turned to her husband and gave him the box, saying: "It is too risky for me to carry this with my broken arm. You keep it and bring it to me tomorrow at breakfast." We had all been told by the officers that we would all meet in the morning at breakfast.

Another lady who had given her jewels to her maid about to leave in a lifeboat said: "No, they are far safer with me on the ship." Senior Clark's son, with his wife on their wedding trip, Mrs. Clark asked him to go back to their stateroom to get her pearl necklace that had been given to her as a wedding present. She never saw her husband again.

Most of the passengers seemed to have felt that the order for the women and children to leave the ship was merely a matter of rules and regulations, and that we would later be brought back on board, or that somehow we would all "have breakfast together" in Halifax. I don't know how many times I heard this idea expressed. It simply was inconceivable that this magnificent ship could sink so suddenly as it did—disaster on disaster on disaster—anything greater than a temporary inconvenience which would be set right with the return of daylight and health. Similarly, the first newspaper reports in New York said: "Titanic Being Towed to Halifax."

Strangely enough, at that same time my father was cutting the pages of a magazine at his home in Long Island. He was reading in bed and was cutting the pages with a knife given to him by Captain Smith on the "Olympic." The previous year, the blade flew off and he turned to my mother and said: "It's queer, but I am getting odd messages from Edith, telling me to leave her luggage. She seems to be in trouble." My mother answered: "Don't be silly. She's off right." But my father could not sleep. He walked until he found the newspaper being thrown on in our porch, as they do in country places, and when he saw the headline, "TITANIC BEING TOWED TO HALIFAX," he rushed to my mother and said: "Oh, well, she's got to go."

During the rest of the voyage in the "Carpathia" the discomfort of overcrowding was more than balanced by the wonderful kindness of everyone on board. It was soon over anyway, and on Thursday as we went up New York harbor in the heavy fog, the "Carpathia" was suddenly surrounded by hundreds of newspaper men and photographers. These now arrived yelled at us from their boats through megaphones, offering to pay high prices to any survivors who could produce written accounts or photographs of the disaster, urging us to throw them overboard in bottles. Captain Rostrum, ever solicitous of our welfare and feelings, became angry with them; in fact I heard him shout through a megaphone that he would shoot any one of them who tried to come aboard! (Fortunately he did not have to make good this threat.)

While the "Carpathia" was still quite far downstream in New York harbor, some evening newspapers were brought on board from a tug. I was startled to read my name among the missing, fearing the worst. This would give my parents.

As we steamed slowly upstream, we began to see the brilliantly lighted buildings. I believe it was the slow tolling of bells as we thus approached the land, which convinced us that the sinking of the "Titanic" had indeed been a terrible disaster.

Up to that time, we had not given up hope that the "Californian" or some other vessel, might have picked up many of those who had remained aboard the sinking ship.

Once alongside the White Star pier, we were told upon leaving the ship to go immediately to the panteons where the initials of our surnames were displayed. I went straight to "R" and looked around.

I shall never forget that pier. There were thousands of people there, not a few—no, tens of thousands. I was alone. There was no one waiting for me. Did my family really think I was dead? I waited some 10 minutes by the letter "R" and then, not being able to stand the suspense any longer, ran back towards the gangway. There I found my family! There had been conflicting reports. At some papers I had been reported as missing and in others as dead. My family missed me as I came down the gangway, as they did not recognize me. I had always been such a fashion plate, and in my long dark dress, wool cap, I was almost unrecognizable.

The quiet of the scene was broken by cries and sobs. Many nurses and doctors were in attendance. Apparently it had been expected that a number of survivors would have to be carried off the "Carpathia" on stretchers, but nearly all of those who had been saved were able to walk down the gangway. It is difficult to describe the cry of relief that greeted the sight of the survivors, but quiet sobs, the crying and sobbing among those who had come to meet the ones they loved, brought up by the sight of the survivors, and all the time the bells kept tolling, and outside there was a cold drizzle of rain. Under these circumstances the sight of the survivors, as they came down the gangway, seemed a cruelly inappropriate thing.

I had no luggage. Only my little pig mascot, which I held tightly under my arm as I walked up the street with my family. This pig is still sitting on my table today. The tragedy of the "Titanic" has remained with me, as it will to my last day. Had it not been for my promise to my mother never to be expanded from the story pig, however, I would have been the next-to-last passenger in the last lifeboat of the "Titanic."

Various figures of the number of passengers and crew who sailed on the "Titanic" and of numbers lost and saved have been given from time to time. I indicate the following, supplied to me by the Cunard Line. Passengers on board the ship: 2,201. Crew: 885. Total: 3,086. Passengers saved: 711. Crew saved: 212. Total survivors: 923. Passengers lost: 1,518. Crew lost: 673. Total loss of life: 1,490.

THE END

A Pig And A Promise Saved Me From The Titanic

By Edith L. Russell

another place. Edith loves to travel.

However, my father took an early train into New York, went to his insurance broker and took out a large policy to cover me. The broker quoted a very low rate and told him to return at noon to pick up the policy. When my father went back, the premium was 50% and the broker was not at all keen to complete the insurance.

Then came rumours of disaster. My father was an agnostic, but he told me later that on leaving his broker's office, he went into every church he could find of every denomination, and prayed fervently that I should be saved. From that time on he had an abiding faith.

The individual stories were as varied as life itself.

Lady Duff Gordon, of dress fame, was safe on the "Carpathia" with her husband, but she had lost her entire collection of French dresses which she was taking to America. Mrs. Jacques Futrelle, the novelist, was one of the most pathetic cases. On the "Carpathia" she said: "Jacques and I were childhood sweethearts. We married when he was 20 and I was 18. We have had 18 years of complete happiness. My forte is writing love stories. How can I continue writing romances when the only real romance I have ever had in my life lies at the bottom of the sea?"

Mrs. Isidore Strauss would not leave her husband and stayed on the "Titanic" with him. The "unsinkable" Mrs. Brown, as she was later called, was very busy with her resolutions. Mrs. Brown had made history in Denver when, as a miner's wife, she put 350.00 dollars in a stove for safekeeping, forgot about it, and then started a fire when Mrs. Brown Pouchan, of Toronto, and Mrs. Astor, then pregnant, had rowed a lifeboat all night long. Colonel Astor had remained on the ship with his beautiful wife. A notorious gambler who made a living by voyaging on big ships and playing cards, was among those saved, ironically. One young man, terribly dressed in women's clothing by his mother, was saved.

Mrs. Widener, of Philadelphia, whom I met on the "Titanic," came to me and said: "You told me before we left that the 'Titanic' was only obeying Board of Trade rules and regulations, that I would meet my husband and son at breakfast. Now here I am alone and I fear that they are lost."

The late Colonel Archibald Gracie came to me on board the "Carpathia" and told me that J. J. Clark Smith had jumped with him at the last moment, but he never saw Mr. Smith after striking the water. He told me he had lost his little girl a year before, crushed in a car accident in Paris. His manuscript, he added, "full of many years' labour has gone down with the 'Titanic.' I am too stunned to get over this. I shall write a story of the 'Titanic' and then I shall fold my arms on my chest and die. He wrote a very good book on the 'Titanic' disaster and within a year he died.

The rapidity and unexpectedness of the end of the "Titanic" may account for the absence of panic. The ship was so long, too, that it was not very apparent to us, way back where we last lifeboats were being loaded, that the bow had already sunk far into the water. Moreover, the Captain, officers and crew were magnificent. They eventually realized the full extent of the disaster, and they willingly sacrificed their lives to enable the few of us to survive and to keep those who remained on board in a calm state of mind. Incidentally, this was to have been Captain Smith's last voyage before retirement.

I have always felt that the reason for the disaster was not so much carelessness in navigation as over-confidence in the unsinkability of the ship. It had affected everyone; passengers had not even been assigned lifeboat stations and no drill had been held.

I have often been asked: "Who paid for your lost merchandise?" A long time passed as I gave the answer to the question, as they do in country places, and when he saw the headline, "TITANIC BEING TOWED TO HALIFAX," he rushed to my mother and said: "Oh, well, she's got to go."

Speaking of debts, before my mother died, she said: "Edith, you must remember to pay your debts." To which I answered: "Why mother, you know it took three years of my life to pay my debts after the 'Titanic.' I always pay my debts. I don't mean that, she said. Because you have been in so many extraordinary accidents and have always been spared, you owe a great debt and each day of your life you should do a kindness to a person or an animal, to show your gratitude." I have tried for years to follow this advice.

During the rest of the voyage in the "Carpathia" the discomfort of overcrowding was more than balanced by the wonderful kindness of everyone on board. It was soon over anyway, and on Thursday as we went up New York harbor in the heavy fog, the "Carpathia" was suddenly surrounded by hundreds of newspaper men and photographers. These now arrived yelled at us from their boats through megaphones, offering to pay high prices to any survivors who could produce written accounts or photographs of the disaster, urging us to throw them overboard in bottles. Captain Rostrum, ever solicitous of our welfare and feelings, became angry with them; in fact I heard him shout through a megaphone that he would shoot any one of them who tried to come aboard! (Fortunately he did not have to make good this threat.)

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THE END

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

NO FEARFUL CRIES... NO BATTLE-AXE OF A NURSE TO BLAST THE EARLY MORNING PEACE

IT'S THE LIFE FOR ME

Veronica Papworth reports on 3 weeks of bliss

EVER since I was old enough to open my mouth and say "Ah-h-h" the medical world has been after my tonsils.

Well they have them now — and the best of luck to them.

Me? I've swapped them for something I've wanted for years and never until now achieved — three weeks of blissful, idle, self-indulgent nothingness.

For me, a visit to the hospital has always had an end product.

Never before have I left without a scarlet-faced cocoon in a shawl and my fingers crossed: "Oh Lord, let all be peace until feeding time."

Tonsils are undeniably different. No fearful cries awake one at dawn.

No battle-axe-of-a-sister (scarlet-faced scrap under one arm) blasts the peace of the early morning with glad cries of "Come on mother — somebody else wants his early morning cuppa."

The most a tonsillectomy has to cope with is a gentle inquiry — "Do you take sugar?"

GAY, GIGGLY

From the first snip I knew that all would be well.

Yes "snip" — I lost my tonsils under a local anesthetic.

One shot in the thigh and I felt as if I'd landed in the midst of a champagne party — gay, giggly, and terribly keen to concentrate, if only it hadn't been quite so much trouble.

My long white operating robe were killing me and I knew all that was going on but I couldn't be bothered to worry.

That was the start of a wonderful week. Always before I've found myself caught up in the mad whirl of hospital routine.

Always I've marvelled that I was strong enough to stand it.

The angels who have ministered to me have been hushed on doing their duty for me if I need a sleeping pill; cross-questioning me about my in-laws and nothing down the answers with such furious care that I have had no doubt they will be used in evidence against me.

Not so this time. Like a landed fish I had been caught, dealt with and left to lie.

Daytimes there were books, letters, visitors, and cat-naps in between.

But with supper at six and breakfast at eight there were 24 long night hours to fill.

With an empty stomach and a busy mind I spent them

writing stories in my head; rearranging the furniture; hanging out of the window counting the stars; contemplating death, taking a tip down the corridor to read the cards on other people's flowers ("Get well soon, dear Ada"); fixing a string to the bed-table to bring it nearer with less effort; vanishing my toenails, considering emigration; watching the mysterious shadows in the operating theatre opposite; looking for the first streaks of dawn coming up; and listening for the first clatter of the teacups.

So I returned home to the delights of early morning waking. By this time I had grown used to it.

For two wonderful weeks I roamed a silent house—stepping out into the misty, pigeon-coloured mornings, marvelling at the huge dew-spattered spider webs garlanding the golden rod, half taming the moorhens on the pond, drinking tea in a silent kitchen and hugging myself because for once I'd time to count my blessings.

Why can't I always wake at five-thirty? I wondered.

Ladies, Did You Know That...

1,422,100 TONS of canned food was eaten in Britain last year.

★ Fish, meat, and vegetables keep perfectly fresh in an opened can.

★ BUT fruit juice may go cloudy.

★ The first canning factory in the world was opened in Bernersday in 1812.

★ WE'RE in the middle of a spaghetti-eating boom. Sales of canned spaghetti have gone up 50 per cent in the last four years. New this month are tinned spaghetti bolognese (in minced beef, tomato, mushroom, and grated cheese sauce) and spaghetti milanale (in tomato, onion, and bacon sauce).

★ Dented cans are safe to use but bulging cans should be thrown away.

★ CANNED asparagus should always be heated in the can to prevent the tips breaking up.

★ Canned vegetables should be heated in their own juice, never rinsed.

★ NAPOLEON offered 12,000 francs reward to the first Frenchman to perfect a canning process.

★ You can keep canned fruit and milk safely for one year; canned vegetables for two years; canned meat (except ham) for five years.

★ Englishwomen were buying tinned tomatoes in 1831. They can buy tinned chicken covered ants and fried grasshoppers in 1958.

Anne Glidewell



ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU PURR

They call them Cat Suits — and fitting snug in brilliant colours they are tipped as next winter's warmest fashion. Wear them at home for all informal entertaining. Wear them with a bright skirt for all outdoor sports. Could anything be cooler?

The one-piece suit in wool jersey (left) costs 85s. 6d. The ballerina tights—fitting like a second skin from the waist to the tips of the toes—are only 39s. 6d.

Such a splendid way to stop smoking

thirds of an old trout rod he "fished" off my bedroom balcony on to the stone-flagged path below.

With brief retreats for refreshments he stayed there all one morning.

The next day he took up his position again—patiently fishing.

I could bear it no longer. I nipped downstairs, picked the refrigerator, and, very gently, I hooked a smoked haddock on his line.

I was back in time to see his face—doubtful at first, then radiant—as he reeled it in.

"Look—a fish garden kipper!"

Very carefully he dismantled his battered old rod.

That kind of thing can't happen twice, and he knew it. "It's glorious being home," I said to my older son—"If I stay here much longer I won't want to go back to work."

"I think you'd better," said he thoughtfully—"It's been super having you, but well, you have been a bit to a tie."

I hope I can take a hint. So I'm back—4lb. lighter because swallowing has been a bit difficult; no longer smoking, because I just don't want to.

I've only one regret. I wish I'd had one tonsil out and kept the other up my radiant—as he reeled it in.

I can never have these three lazy weeks again—and oh, how I've revelled in them.

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

BORN today, you are the perennial optimist. You are always looking on the bright side of things. Everything may be dreadful today, but tomorrow something will happen to make things all right again. This doesn't mean that you always accept things as they are. You are a severe critic of the status quo, and have no qualms about commenting on things you don't like. But in making your criticism, you usually have a good suggestion on how to correct the error. If no one sees fit to follow through with your suggestion, the chances are you will get into action and do the job yourself.

Your emotions are near the surface and you have a high temper which you must never permit to run out of control. Something you say or do in anger can destroy, in an instant, something for which you have been working for many years. For one who is so quick to criticise others, you are especially susceptible to criticism when levelled against your own self. Learn to "take it" as well as handing it out!

You women are especially attractive to members of the opposite sex and will have countless admirers. Don't accept the first offer of marriage, for you might discover it was a temporary infatuation instead of the real thing. Take your time about deciding, for with you, it is "forever."

Among those born on this date were: Thomas Nast, political cartoonist and illustrator; Margaret Sangster, author and poet; Samuel Adams, leader in the American Revolution; and George Wharton James, explorer and author.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—A quick turnover in business is now favoured and you should get excellent results if you persevere.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—If dealing with those in the armed forces, your negotiations should be highly satisfactory.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)—If you are fearful about actions of an unfriendly person, get personal protection; be wise.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)—Start out on a journey that only for speed. Get there the quickest way. That method is favoured now.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—You may find it difficult to adjust a misunderstanding today, so try not to get into one.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—There may be delays on long-term planning but don't become discouraged. Be persevering and of good cheer.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Now, if you need to secure additional help at the office, consider whom you want but do your hiring tomorrow.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Take time to think things out clearly. You may become restless making future plans. Much better to be patient.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You may not find it easy today to make an apology for a recent burst of temper, but you can always try.

CANCER (June 22-July 22)—You could do some of that home repair today. It's a good time for handling all kinds of tools.

LEO (July 23-Aug. 22)—A day for holding your temper and staying calm, no matter how irritatingly slow things seem to go.

VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)—A fine day for mulling over new ideas and, if you can, getting them started. Be enterprising.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

BORN today, the stars have given you exceptional talents in the realm of the creative arts. It will depend upon you whether you develop your literary, musical or dramatic talent. The final outcome of your career will probably utilise all three areas of expression, but you would be wise to concentrate on one of them for the best possible fame and success.

You have a sympathetic and sensitive nature. Your personality attracts people to you and your sympathy and understanding holds them as friends throughout your lifetime. Your intuitions are sharp and there are times when you appear to be almost psychic in being able to pre-empt the future. If you learn to utilise this special gift wisely, you can benefit considerably. There is a wide difference between obeying wild impulse and heeding the still, small voice of intuition. The former can catapult you into trouble the latter, help keep you out!

You will probably learn that experience is the best teacher, for your life probably will not be an easy one. Yet through each setback you will learn something that will put you on the road to a bigger and better success.

You will do your best work when you are your own boss. You are not happy when under the restraints of direction by another. You must have a free hand to work as you see fit, if you are to reach the heights to which you aspire.

Among those born on this date were: Frances E. Willard, educator and temperance reformer; Henry Mitchell McCracken, educator; Kate Douglas Wiggin, author; and Elmer Rice, dramatist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—If planning to buy a precious stone for your best beloved, you should find a good bargain today.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Get going on that new project. Don't let grass grow under your feet. A prompt beginning is now indicated.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)—Be exceptionally cautious in money matters. Don't get so involved that you don't know what you're doing.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)—Better not to seek legal advice on a matter, today, until you have tried everything else.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If you have money owing to you, this is the day you should make serious effort to collect.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Green lights for you on almost anything you wish to do. Anticipate excellent success in any project.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Begin winding up the month's affairs, so that you will have your books balanced by month's ending.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—A fine day for anything requiring quick action. You can make a speedy profit if you work fast.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Don't become impatient if things don't develop now as you had hoped earlier. This can turn out to be a day for increased benefits.

CANCER (June 22-July 22)—Take the initiative in inaugurating new procedures and you should be eminently successful.

LEO (July 23-Aug. 22)—A good day for everything but financial matters. Be sure what you are doing in that regard.

VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)—If you were hasty and spoke out of turn, you may find it difficult to mend your fences. But try!

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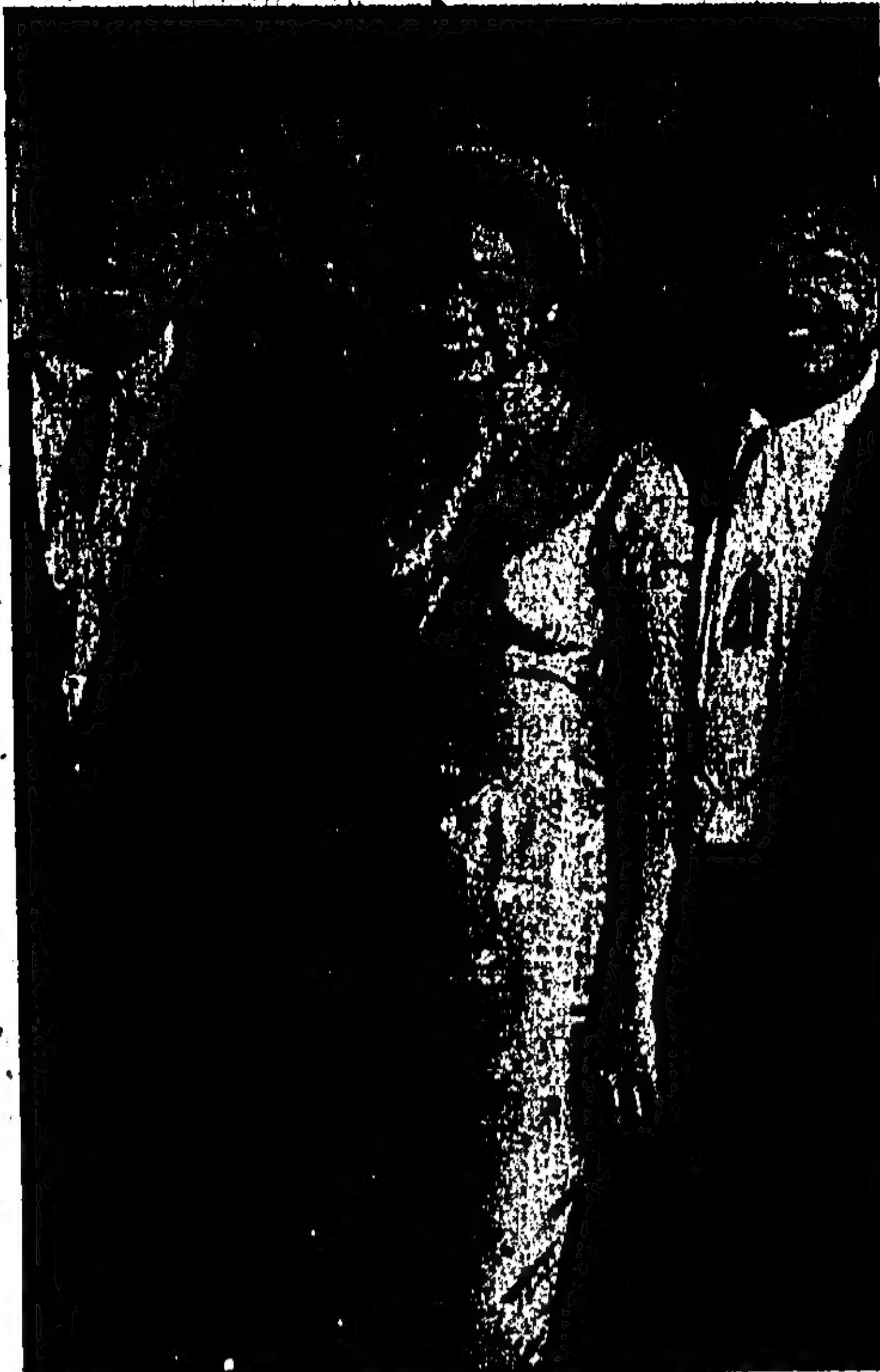
ABOVE: The new Jockey Club Government School in Wood Road was opened by Lady Black on Thursday. She is soon being introduced to the Headmaster of the A.M. school, Mr K. C. Chan by the Hon. R. J. S. Crozier, Director of Education. In background is Mr J. E. Marsh, the architect, and Mr D. Benson, Chairman of the Stewards of the Jockey Club.



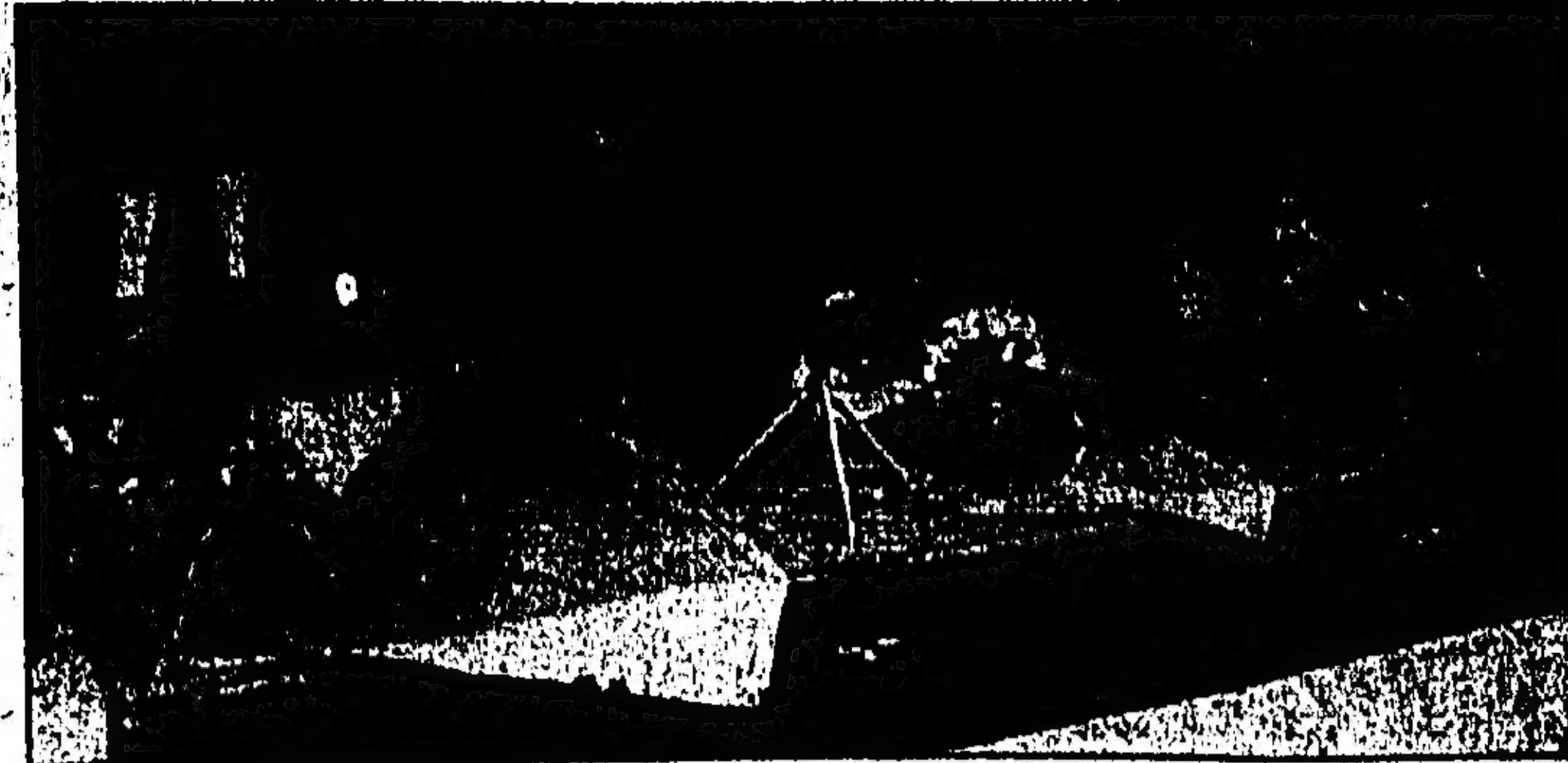
LEFT: The Life Guard Club gave a dinner in honour of their President, Mr Fung Ping-fan, at the Golden Restaurant on Monday. Mr Fung is seen making a speech. Flanking him are Mr C. G. M. Morrison (left) and Mr N. C. Chan.



ABOVE: A descendant of Confucius (77th generation), Mr Kung Tak-ching, who passed through Hongkong this week, is greeted by friends at Kai Tak Airport. Mr Kung was on his way to Vietnam to give a series of talks on the philosophy of his famous ancestor.



ABOVE: Beautiful Sandra Chun, Hawaii's Narcissus Queen of 1958, arrived on Wednesday for a 10-day visit to enjoy part of the free trip she was awarded with the title. She is seen with Mr T. M. Taylor of PAA (left), and Mr Given K. W. Tang, of the United Chinese Society of Hawaii who was also on the plane.



ABOVE: The Inter-Services Ladies' Shooting championship, held last Saturday at the Hongkong Royal Defence Force Headquarters, was won by the Hongkong Women's Police team. Seen at the range are (l-r) Cpl M. Chan, Pte H. Lai and Pte K. Poon.

RIGHT: The Hon. J. C. McDouall, Secretary for Chinese Affairs, laying the foundation stone for the new nursery of the Women's Welfare Club, West, this week.



BELOW LEFT: Mr and Mrs R. E. Laureiro shortly after their wedding at Rosary Church recently. The bride is the former Miss Therese Ribeiro.



BELOW: Mr and Mrs George Kam after their wedding at St Margaret's Church last Saturday. The bride is the former Miss Chung Chi-yung.

ABOVE: The Bishop of the Philippines, Rt. Rev. Lyman C. Ogilby, administered the rite of confirmation to Service people in Victoria Garrison Church last Sunday. He is seen (fifth from left) with Service Chaplains and Church Wardens of the Church.

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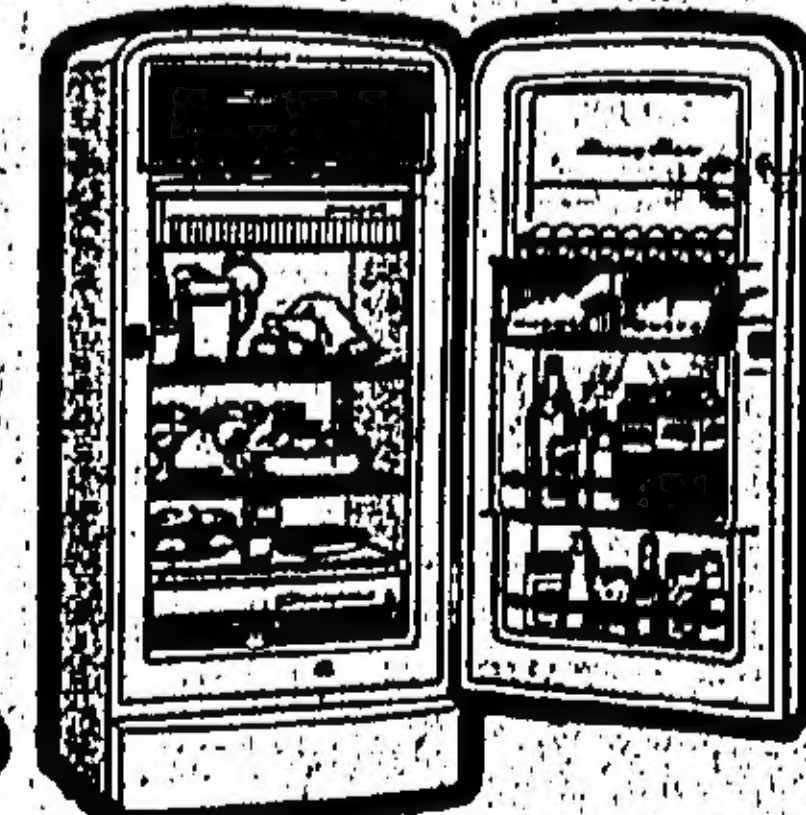
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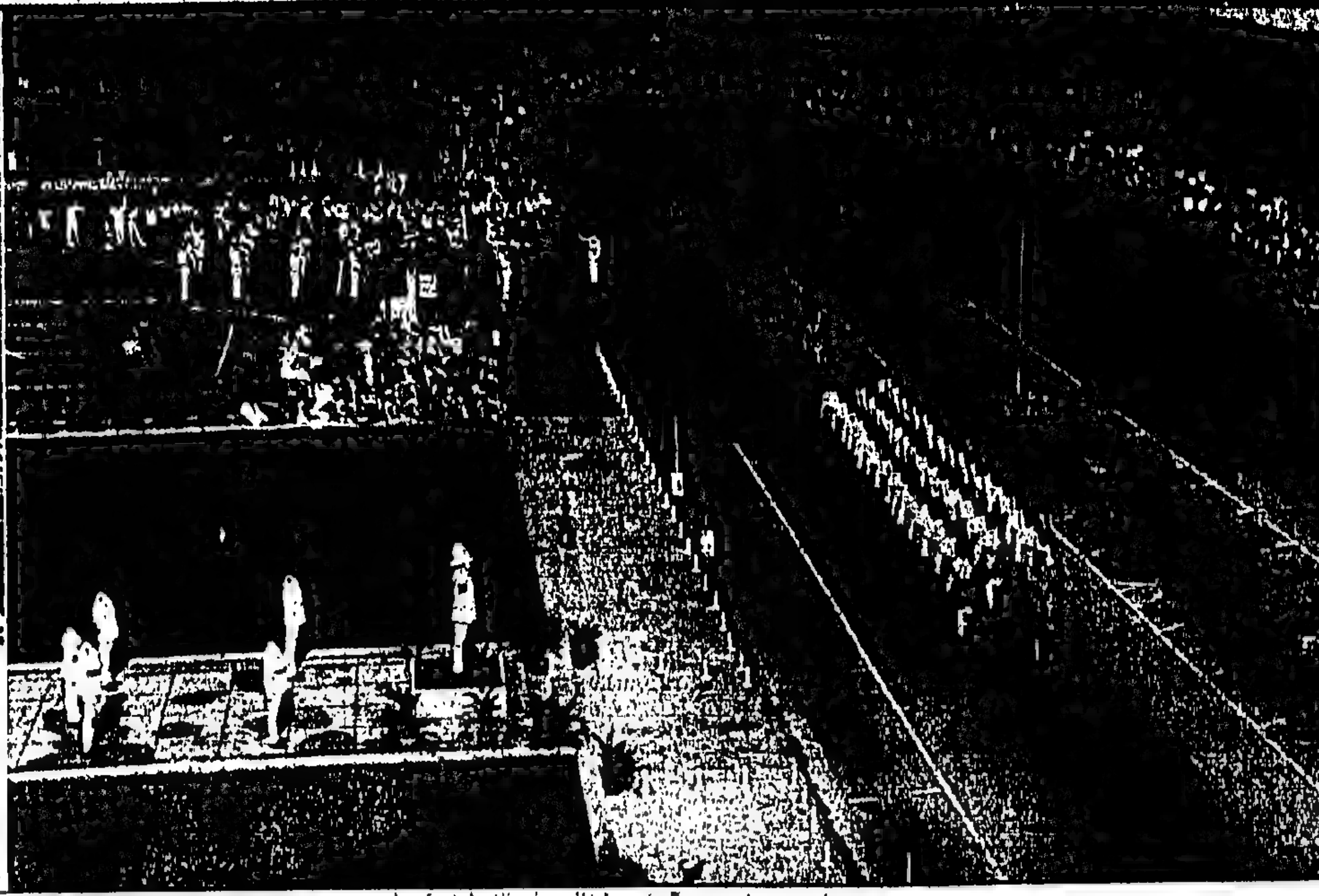
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SHOWROOM: GLOUCESTER ARCADE



★ ★ ★
The Battle of Britain was remembered in Hongkong last Sunday with church services, a parade and other functions. More than 300 members of the Royal Air Force and the Hongkong Auxiliary Air Force took part in the parade at which H.E. the Governor took the salute (above). Lady Black (above right) attended a cocktail party at the Hongkong Jockey Club on Friday, and is seen chatting with Commodore P. D. Holder and Mrs H. A. S. Disney. The picture on the left shows some RAF personnel filing into St John's Cathedral on Sunday for the commemoration service.



★
ABOVE: Policemen, helmeted and fully armed, move forward to quell trouble in a simulated incident on Tuesday when they carried out a full-scale general internal security exercise in conjunction with the military. On the left are seen soldiers on guard at a transport depot in Hongkong.



★
RIGHT: A party of Navy and Army personnel visited three centres of the Society for the Protection of Children last Friday. Pictured are Commander J. N. Humphreys, Mrs G. D. A. Gregory (Chairman of the Women's Auxiliary of the Society) and Mrs Violet Chan (back to camera).

★
ABOVE: Mrs D. R. Holmes cuts the ribbon to open the new pier at Tap Mun Island, New Territories, on Wednesday. A new school was also opened there on the same day.

★
RIGHT: Beautiful Li Mei, Mandarin film star, receives her air ticket from Mr T. M. Taylor of PAA. She will be a guest model from Hongkong for an American fashion show which will tour the world. She left for the U.S. yesterday.



★
BELOW: Mrs I. Chopra (centre), wife of Major-General M. S. Chopra, Indian Ambassador to the Philippines, left for Calcutta this week after a stay in Hongkong. Pictured (l-r) are Maj.-Gen. Chopra, Mrs R. N. Kaul, Mrs Chopra, Master Chopra, and Mr R. N. Kaul, District manager of Air India International.

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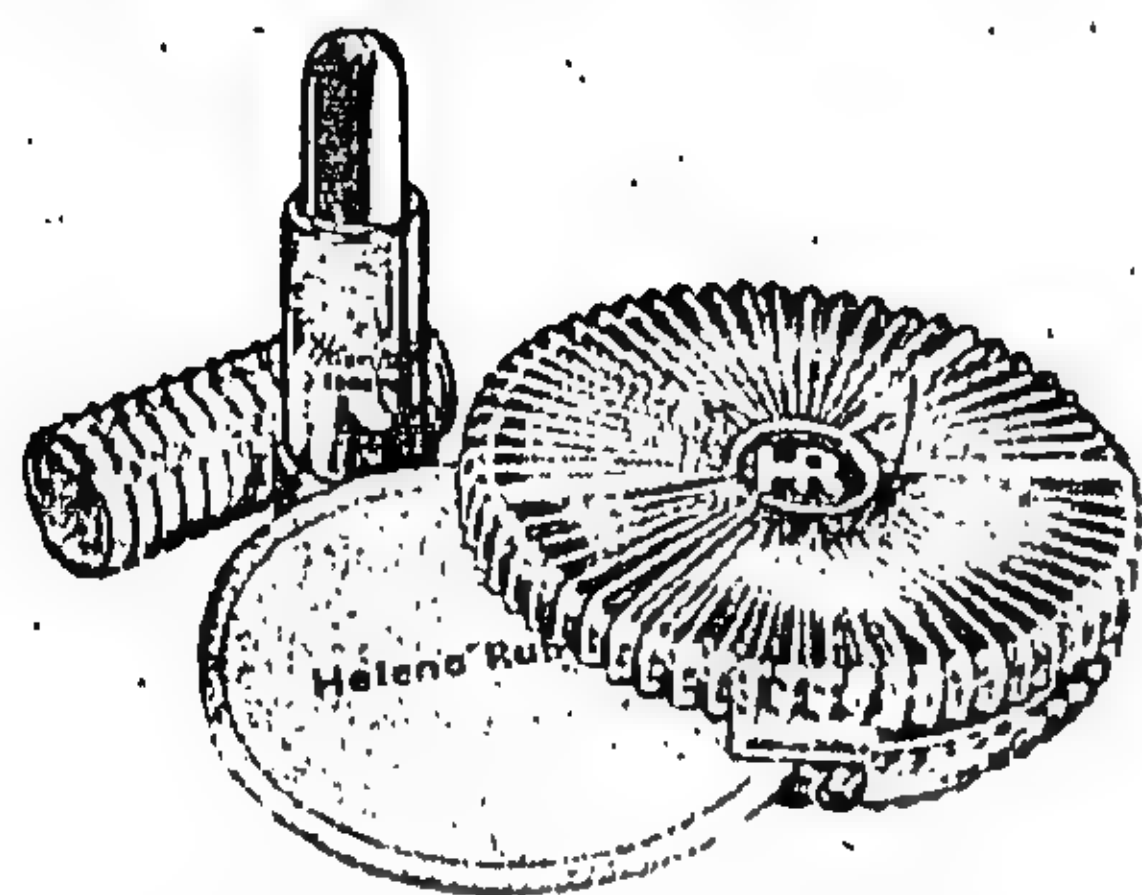
and be merry

THE GOLDEN PHOENIX

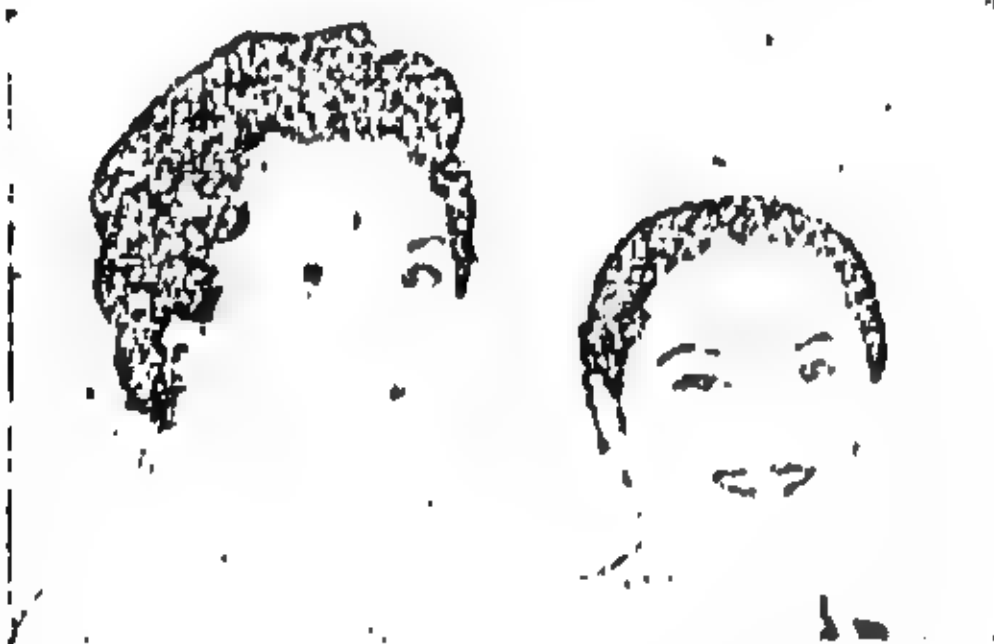
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Helena Rubinstein creates SILK MINUTE MAKE-UP

This glamorous combination make-up is Real silk Face Powder in a special silk-tone base — you're pretty in a minute. Lipstick in glowing Red, the latest colour of 1958.



"On my tour around the world I visited the best beauty houses and I find Salon d'OR first-class in every respect. Helena Rubinstein is the exclusive beauty preparation I use," said Shakuntala Devi, world famous Indian mathematical magician.



Photograph of Miss Shakuntala Devi and Miss Diana Ma taken at

Salon d'OR

Room 103, Yu To Sang Building,
Queen's Road, Central, Hongkong.
Tel: 21417

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

The Push-Button Kitchen—It's Nearly Here

JOCASTA INNES TAKES A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

IMAGINE the carefree delight of cooking for a dinner-party, in the push-button kitchen of the future.

The place looks something mid-way between an operating theatre and a control tower. The walls are lined with cabinets. You notice these have no handles—the doors are operated by an electric eye.

Somewhere in this gleaming nest of chromium, glass and laminated plastic preparations for a three-course meal are going on: caviare is chilling, the turkey is basting, vegetables are simmering, a soufflé is rising to perfection.

But none of this is actually visible. In the kitchen-of-tomorrow the roid business of cooking is kept out of sight.

Somewhere else in the house the hostess reclines with a Martini and a serene expression. No apron, rubber gloves, clock-watching or last-minute rush for her.

Excuse Me....

It is all done by a portable remote control panel which this hostess, being a conscientious girl, props on the table beside her.

At zero hour a green light flashes on the control panel and, murmuring "Excuse me for a second," the hostess glides out of the room. Dinner, believe it or not, is ready.

Futuristic nonsense? Perhaps. But it is not as crazy as it sounds. Electricity has advanced a long way since the time of Faraday. Acting on the principle that time is made for man and not the other way round, manufacturers are falling over themselves to concoct gadgets that cut down the time the 1958 housewife needs to spend in her kitchen.

Remote control is still a thing of the future. But thermostatic control is becoming an established feature of up-to-date kitchen equipment.

No Dirt

The latest cookers are all thermostatically controlled — which means that by setting a

couple of switches a housewife can spend the morning at the hair-dresser's knowing that lunch will be ready to serve when she gets back. It does not matter if she is late—because the cooker switches itself off automatically.

An added attraction in some of the newest models, the plates are sealed to the hob, preventing dirt and splashes from getting underneath.

Washing machines are standard equipment in most kitchens these days. But for those whose budget will not stretch to the full works there is an up-to-date version of the wash-bottle coming on the market in October.

Incorporating a small pump, which empties the bottle in eight seconds flat — no laborious emptying by hand — a hand-wringer and hand agitator, this job costs around £30.

Spin drier or tumbler-drier? The experts are divided. Spin driers are cheaper, but extract less moisture. The tumbler-drier can ensure bone dryness but is less suitable for woollens.

Again, if it is economy you are after, there is a budget-priced but effective collapsible model which will soon be on sale from £11 upwards.

Another gadget which was considered a luxury a few years back, but is fast becoming an essential in the civilised kitchen, is an extractor fan.

Prices range from £8—rather more for the deluxe 3-speed model which can be used to fan air into the kitchen as well as chase smells out.

Fastor

In the smaller electric-gadget range time-and-worry-savers such as the pop-up toaster, and heat-controlled irons, are now established favourites.

But there is news in this range too. Electric kettles, for instance. These now heat water faster than ever — one of the new models will boil three pints of water in five minutes.

Boiler-plate irons have not been forgotten. Electric dry-pans, element in the base and temperature control in the handle, can take care of a complete meal, and use less space than a typewriter.

(London Express Service).

Do It Yourself

Wine costs 2d. a bottle— if you make it at home

By EILEEN ASCROFT

THE new do-it-yourself craze is making wine. Housewives' clubs are finding it an absorbing hobby and young couples a cheap way of entertaining. TV compere Derek Bond tells me he has huge success with his elderberry wine. "Each bottle works out at about 2d.," he says. "It has the fizz and dance of champagne, with a different taste. And it is really very potent."

Here is Derek's recipe: Mash 10oz. sugar and the berries, off eight or nine heads of elderberry together in a large mixing bowl with a wooden spoon. Add two dessertspoons white vinegar, a thin peel of lemon and top up with water to make five pints. Cover and leave to stand for 30 hours.

"I do my straining through a nylon or silk stocking," advises Derek. "Then bottle my wine in lemonade bottles with a strong screw cap. Keep it for at least a fortnight and put in the fridge 24 hours before serving."

He has tried the same recipe with grapes—"Very good, though one bottle did blow up." Next experiment will be blackberries.

Young beauty

LAST year British women spent £20,000,000 on cosmetics. According to this survey that means almost £3 for every woman over 14.

Most important trend was the greatly increased use of beauty aids by teenagers. To help cautious mothers I consulted a beauty expert about do's and don'ts for the young girl. This is her advice:

★ DO let a girl of 14 use a fluff of powder and a pale pink lipstick for out of school hours, and polish her nails with a buffer. Also a light cream if her skin is dry, and a flower perfume.

★ DO NOT encourage eye makeup or nail varnish until she leaves school. These are sophisticated touches that can wait till later.

(London Express Service).

MISS G. B. (1953 VINTAGE) SHOWS ME HER £300 BIKINI

By ANNE SHARPLEY

YOU would think the poor girls who have teetered so barely and so bravely along those narrow gangplanks that seem such an essential part of beauty contests could have a rest, now that the summer is over. Not a bit of it. This is when they start their training for next year.

Now is the time for them to turn on the ultra-violet lamps to keep that tan tuned up. To take elocution lessons and intelligence tests because of a certain boring (and hypocritical?) trend among judges to insist on mental dimension as well.

To consider dyeing their hair or changing their name. And most importantly to study up on all last year's contests and plot victories for next summer.

Miss World?

It is no less than strategy deciding whether to aim for Miss Blighty, Shoreham's Floral Queen, Miss Mambo, or in drawn breath, "tummy over flatter, to aim for MISS WORLD."

And because you can find an expert to teach you anything these days—they can take a beauty contest course.

Running the course, she believes it is the only one in Britain, is none other than Aileen Chase, Miss Great Britain 1953.

Understandably, since if you have won 68 different beauty contests you must have convinced everyone you are beautiful. Miss Chase is very very plump. She also has few very plump. She also has few very plump. She also has few very plump.

knowledge of the beauty contest world. In her bungalow-studio in Southwick she shows a bulging scrapbook of "before" and "after" photographs of girls who have come for training.

A shy, brown-haired, called Valerie blossoms into a sizzling, shapely blonde — and is now Miss Regatta and runner-up Holiday Princess.

A timid looking girl called Dawn photographed "before" pouring out a glass of milk, turns into a burgeoning beauty in a striped bikini and a sultry look, more look than bikini.

Dull names, like Joan and Barbara are switched for the zippier sounding Leonne or Steve.

Miss Chase shakes her head affectionately over a picture of herself.

"That bikini, I made it out of a baby's nappy, and it won £300 in prize money. The girls just love to borrow it, they think it's lucky."

"The girls" were now all trooping in for their weekly evening lesson (22 weeks—£13 13s.).

Prizes Up

Diane was 15, she was a shop assistant, but very anxious to get ahead in life. Hazel was partly Dutch and partly Irish. There were lots more contestants than when she (Miss Chase) was Miss Great Britain, and the money prizes had doubled, they could all get something if they took notice of what she said.

There was more to beauty contests than just beauty. Judges for instance. Women judges could not stand a really sexy girl, a girl to win on a punt where there were more women than men must play it sweet and simple.

JERSEY WITH PATTERNED BORDERS

MATERIALS:

6 (6-7) ounces Sirdar Majestic 3 ply wool in black.

1 ounce Sirdar Majestic 3 ply wool in white.

2 No. 10 and 2 No. 11 "Aaro" knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS:

To fit 31-33, 34-36, or 37-39 inch bust.

Sleeve Seam 6½ ins. (finished).

Length 21½ (22-22½) ins.

TENSION:

7½ sts. to 1 inch.

ABBREVIATIONS:

k. knit, p. purl, rep. repeat, st. stitch, st. at stock-in-st. (1 row k., 1 row p.), dec. decrease, inc. increase, cont. continue, tog. together, w.l.bk. wool back, foll. following, rem. remain (ing), C. cherry, B. black, W. white, ins. inches.

N.B. For first size follow first figures, for medium size follow second figures and for large size follow third figures.

Front and Back Alike

With No. 11 needles and B. cast on 100 (121-133) sts. and work in st.st. for 1 inch, ending with a k. row.

Next Row: K.

Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: * K. 3 B. 1 W. 2

B. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

2nd Row: * P. 3 B. 1 W. 2

B. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

3rd Row: * K. 2 B. 3 W. 1

B. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

4th Row: * P. 2 B. 3 W. 1

B. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

5th Row: * K. 1 B. 5 W.

Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

6th Row: * P. 1 B. 5 W.

Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

7th Row: K. W.

8th Row: P. W. Break off D.

and W.

With C. work in st.st. until work measures 6 ins., ending p. row. Inc. at both ends of the next and every foll. 8th row until there are 123 (135-147) sts.

Cont. straight until work measures 15 ins., ending p. row.

SHAPE FOR ARMHOLE

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 109 (115-121) sts. rem. Cont. straight until work measures 21½ (22-22½) ins., ending p. row.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

1st Row: K. to the last 3 sts. w.l.bk., slip 1, w.l.bk., pass slip-st. back on to left hand needle, turn.

2nd Row: P. to the last 3 sts. w.l.bk., slip 1, w.l.bk., pass slip-st. back on to left hand needle, turn.

Cont. to work turns in this way to prevent holes forming.

3rd Row: K. to the last 6 sts. turn.

4th Row: P. to the last 6 sts. turn.

5th Row: K. to the last 6 sts. turn.

6th Row: P. to the last 6 sts. turn.

7th Row: K. to the last 12 sts. turn.

8th Row: P. to the last 12 sts. turn.

9th Row: K. to the last 16 sts. turn.

10th Row: P. to the last 16 sts. turn.

11th Row: K. to the last 20 sts. turn.

12th Row: P. to the last 20 sts. turn.

13th Row: K. to end.

14th Row: P. to end.

Break off C. wool and cont. in patt.---

1st Row: With W. K.

2nd Row: P. W.

3rd Row: * K. 1 B. 5 W. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

4th Row: * P. 1 B. 5 W. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

5th Row: * K. 2 B. 3 W. 1

B. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

6th Row: * P. 2 B. 3 W. 1

B. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

7th Row: * K. 3 B. 1 W. 2

B. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

8th Row: * P. 3 B. 1 W. 2

B. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

Break off W. 9th and 10th Rows. K. B.

Work 1 inch in st.st. Cast off.

Sleeves

With No. 11 needles and B. cast on 70 (83-91) sts. and work in st.st. for 1 inch ending k. row.

Next Row: K.

Change to No. 10 needles and rep. rows 1 to 8 as for front, then cont. in st.st. with C. for 6 rows. Inc. 1 st. at both ends of the next and every foll. 6th row until there are 99 (97-105) sts. Cont. straight until work measures 8½ (8-9½) ins., ending p. row.

SHAPE TOP

Next Row: Cast off 2, work to the last 2 sts., work 2 tog.

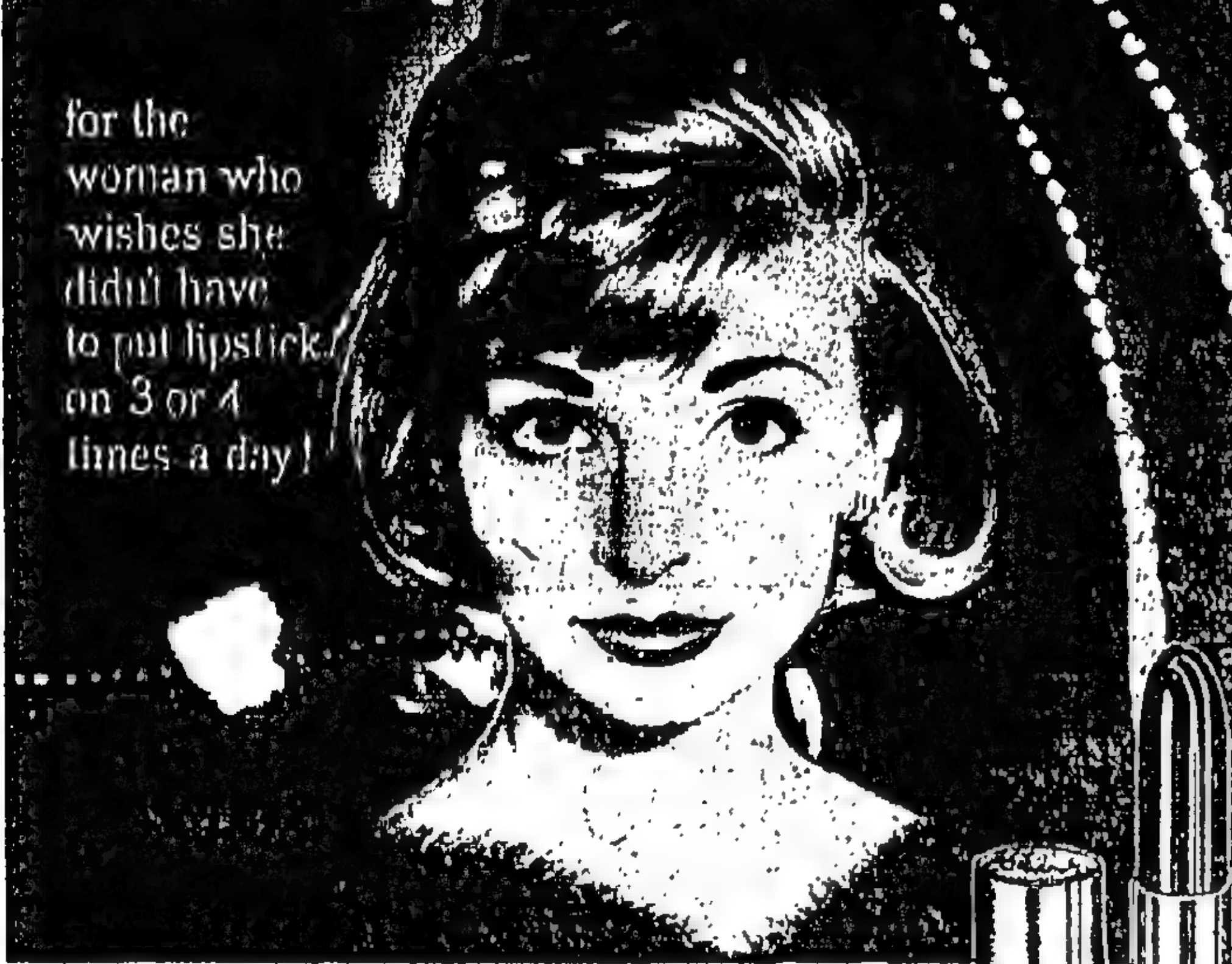
Rep. this row until 35 (48-51) sts. rem. Cast off.

Make Up

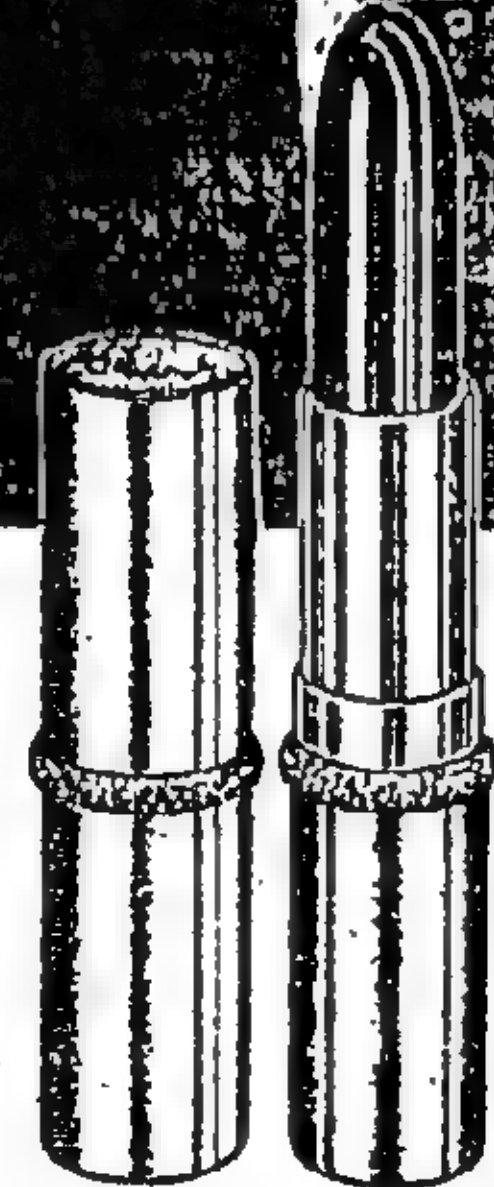
Press work lightly with a hot iron and damp cloth. Join side seams. Join sleeve seams to within ¼ (¼-½) ins. of top. Using the "purl" ridge as a seam line turn in on wrong side lower edge, top edges and sleeve edges to form bands and slip stitch into position. Join shoulders for 3 ins. at either side. Sew in sleeves placing the open edges ¼ (¼-½) ins. at top of sleeve to armhole shaping of front and back. Press seams.

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for the woman who wishes she didn't have to put lipstick on 3 or 4 times a day!



Today...you can put radiant color on to stay... all through the day—without drying your lips!



Now you don't have to put lipstick on... and on... all through the day! Revlon's Lanolite Lipstick is the wonderfully new and different non-smear type lipstick—longer lasting and creamy too. It puts luscious color on to stay—without drying your lips. It's the only non-smear type lipstick enriched with Lanolite, Revlon's exclusive moisture-protecting ingredient to give your lips the fresh, moist look! Choose from 20 fabulous Revlon colors today.

Revlon's Lanolite Lipstick

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ELVIS PRESLEY — IN THE ARMY — TELLS
HOLLYWOOD REPORTER MICHAEL RUDDY

I'M SURE MISSING MY CADILLACS!

WHEN I saw Elvis Presley's latest film, "King Creole"—in my opinion, his best film yet—his manager, Tom Parker, Presley and I dined together as the neon lights glittered in the celluloid city.

There wasn't a moment while we talked when some lovely girl was not looking admiringly over at the dark, smiling, smiling Elvis. But the singer was troubled; he gave even the prettiest of the girls not a second glance.

And when I asked him why, he murmured ruminatively: "I'm sure missing a heck of a lot of things."

I said it sounded as if he wasn't exactly relishing the prospect of his Army life which started at Memphis. Elvis nodded.

It wasn't that he objected to the Army, he declared flatly. Whatever the drill sergeant wanted to hand out, he could take. No—it was his way of life he was missing.

"I'm missing my family," he explained. "And my friends... my professional work... and, yes, I guess I must admit it, I'm missing my Cadillac!"

The fact is, though, Elvis honestly enjoys singing, entertaining people, letting his heart go in a frenzied song. The fact really means something to him. Whenever there's music with rhythm in the air, Elvis is there singing, swaying to the beat and strumming his guitar. Rock 'n' Roll makes his blood run deep and, for fun, there's beating bongos.

Like most Southerners, he has a natural love of singing. "You know," he said, "I learned a great deal studying Elizabethan madrigals. Yeah, they're interesting, you know." I said yes, they were. And he went on: "I listened a lot, too, to Bing Cross."



Who can play de Maupassant?

THE life of Guy de Maupassant—the Frenchman famous for his short stories and his even shorter love affairs—is to be brought to the screen by two of our own film-makers.

Josef Somlo and Sergei Nolbandov (who produced the Kidnapper) are at the moment knee deep in biographies of the master in a Piccadilly office.

France has failed to produce such a film. The French don't make pictures about their heroes," said Mr. Nolbandov. "They let the Americans do it for them."

On this occasion Britain will take a hand.

GREAT LOVER

So spectacular a subject is to go spectacular treatment. The film, to be shot in France and a British studio, will cost at least £250,000. And it will introduce such well-known literary figures as Zola, Flaubert, Turgenev and an American Henry James.

It will also show de Maupassant's short visit to England where he located our food and our weather.

That sequence will cause the film-makers little trouble. Neither has changed much. "Messrs. Somlo and Nolbandov are now trying to think if they can get to play de Maupassant—the young, fiery, little romantic who swept women only too literally off their feet."

by Perry Como, Burl Ives. And I particularly liked, Lauri London, you know? He was brightening up. He threw a return smile, and one of those glances of his, to a girl across the room. She coloured with pleasure.

He said: "I hope people like 'King Creole.' I think there are some good songs in it. I really enjoyed making that picture."

I asked Tom Parker if the Army period was hitting the Presley finances. Apparently there are no worries.

During his two-year "hitch," the singer gets US\$1,000 a week come rain, come shine, from his recordings. "Elvis has had fourteen gold discs in two years and I think he's singing better than ever," added Tom.

But even if Elvis sees snags about the Army engagement, there are the summer sides, too. It's almost certain, for instance, that he'll be with an armoured division in Germany.

That means he'll be in London quite a few weekends, and he expects he will fit in some special concerts in Great Britain. We moved on to the coffee as we talked. About us the noise, the brassness and the fanfare glamour of America assailed the ear and eye. But Presley's thoughts were in quieter realms on the European side of the Atlantic.

"Tell me," he said, "do you think people will like me in Britain? Do you think I'll be accepted by people?" He went on: "You see, I've been getting thousands of letters from young people in England and Scotland. I feel I know that they will like me. But, naturally, I'd like to be sure. The letters from these young Scots and English are very intelligent—so different to thousands I get here."

"I feel I would like to know the young folk who wrote them to me. I sure am mighty grateful to them."

And Elvis meant every word he said.

As I left him, the Presley face widened into a grin. "When I get out of the Army, do you know what's the first thing I'll do? Why, I'll get myself just one thing—a Triumph motor-cycle!" And he grinned wider at his own pronunciation.

He did that Triumph. It'll be my hound dog," he quipped.

And then the golden boy of the spinning discs and the films was off. "God bless," he called, as he waved through the Cadillac window.

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Roderick Mann ACTOR BURTON (WITH £100,000 IN THE BANK) SAYS 'I NEED NEVER WORK AGAIN'

IT is after midnight in Geneva. The lights around the lake are long since out. And I have just got back after a nine-hour talking session with Richard Burton further along the lakeside.

Burton, the fiery 31-year-old Welsh actor who is due in London next week to star in the film *Look Back in Anger*, lives at Celigny, 15 minutes' drive along the west side of Lake Geneva.

He met me from the London plane in his Cadillac convertible. His hair was tousled and he was sunburned.

We drove out on the Lausanne road to the village of Celigny. There was an inn close to the station. We parked the car and went into the inn and ordered white wine. And we stayed on wine for the rest of the afternoon and evening.

Then Burton began to talk, in that rich, compelling voice, with the slight Welsh lilt.

"For the first time in my life," he said, "I've got no money worries. I've got £100,000 in the bank here. £100,000. I need never work again."

He looked across at me. "I know what you're thinking," he said. "That I left Britain simply to avoid paying tax. That's not true. There were many reasons."

"Oh, sure, the tax business contributed to my decision. I'd made eight Hollywood pictures, and earned a million dollars. And in the end what had I got out of it all? £1,500 in the bank, a car, and a two-room flat in Hampstead."

"All because I paid my taxes on the dot—unlike a lot of actors who are always behind. I was brought up never to owe money, you see."

I must save

He had his coat off now. And his tie. A lock of hair fell across his forehead.

"When I was considered 'hot' in Hollywood they were paying me £80,000 a picture," he said. "That's a lot of money. And I was getting hardly any of it."

"Well, I'm no fool. I reckon an actor can count on 15 years of big money earning, if he's lucky. In that time I've got to save for the bad days."

"£100,000 is a lot of money," I said. "How did you make most of it?"

"I was in a hit on Broadway," Burton said. "Time Remembered. And I got a percentage from the film *Alexander the Great*."

"Are you content with what you've got?"

"It's enough," Burton said. "Though it's tempting to try for a million. I've thought about it a lot. All those thoughts. Do you realise you couldn't count it all. If you had a million?"

He looked at the table lost in thought.

"They're interesting, you know, the Swiss banks. You don't use your name—just a number. It's very helpful if you lose it. I've got mine written down in Welsh all over the place."

"You've come a long way from the Welsh valleys," I said. "Yes," Burton said. "I have. When I was a kid I was one of 13. During the depression our whole family had to exist on a crown a week. Five shillings. I've never forgotten it."

He poured more wine. "I've been on the wagon," he said. "This is the first drink I've had for a month. It tastes good."

"Will you ever live in Britain again?"

"No," Burton said. "I consider British income-tax immoral. But to leave just for a year or two to escape it would be even more immoral."

It's funny....

Outside the inn low clouds were wedding the mountains to the sky. Far out on the lake the Geneva-bound steamer was ploughing slowly through the green waters.

"Funny, you know," Burton said. "When I go home to the Welsh valleys they can't understand why I got paid for acting. They think it's a marvellous racket. That's because they're natural actors, I suppose."

"What do you do when you go home to Wales?" I asked.

"I go down the pit at least once," Burton said. "Usually for eight hours or so. My family were miners, so I know all about it."

Off the floor

"Are they interested in what you're doing?" I asked. "Do they want to know all about Hollywood?"

"No. My family started reading the film columns when I went to Hollywood, of course, but they weren't very impressed."

"When I came back, they

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Love In A Life Of Lavender... I Yawn A Little

I WORRY sometimes about English literature.

I would hate it to be a dead thing, lectured over in hushed voices and darkened rooms, but until the late explosion of successful bed-sitting-room writers, that is what was happening to it.

Now, slightly damaged by such vulgarly the old guard have withdrawn.

The young rogue writers surge in the foreground, but the ancient regime, clinging to their sweet, old-fashioned beliefs that art is longer than life, and style is all (even in love affairs) are behind their stately walls. Occasionally they peep over the top.

Taste

Now if anyone is a member of this regiment of taste it is Lady David Cecil. She is a daughter of Sir Desmond MacCarthy (a critic so distinguished that everyone still sighs when his name is mentioned) and Mary MacCarthy (author of "Nineteenth Century Childhood").

She has just written her first novel, *Theresa's Choice* (Constable, 18s.), which is getting sweet reviews from everyone this week. She is also married to the Professor of English Literature at Oxford, life is a lord.

"Theresa's Choice" is an anemic tale. Theresa is courted by three men: Ivor Brandon, an artist with heavy eyes who sweeps her off to Paris and where "lets her down"; an already married bourgeois doctor called Colin, who plays lawn tennis; and Edward, Edward is "like a fragile intellectual bird," with "long fingers nervously tapping a cigarette."

Edward is awfully like Lord David Cecil. Theresa marries Edward.

I am sorry to say this story bored me stiff. It was, as though literature, with all that

THE NEW BOOKS

by NANCY SPAIN

is good in it, like Proust and Jane Austen, had hopelessly inbred upon itself, somewhere in a cork-lined room where there was no fresh air to keep it going.

It was as though, as a story, it existed on memories of days when life was life and men were men, yet no rude fellow dared speak out plainly about it all, let alone print it in the newspapers.

So I went to talk to Rachel Cecil in her nice red brick villa in Oxford. The thundery exhausted weather added to my feelings. The house was in a backwater of dead-end streets, and I waited in a drawing-room that was really an elegant light-weight library.

The shelves were white and there, sure enough, was the whole of Proust and the whole of Jane Austen.

Music

Incongruously, the piano was untidy. There lay a banjolele, a piano, transcriptions of a jazz classic, many long-playing gramophone records. Near by were two music stands, with music.

Rachel Cecil is fortyish, pretty, kind, and charming, shy yet sure of herself. She took a deep interest in anything one cared to talk about. Particularly literature.

Yes, her husband had helped her a lot with her book. Yes, she had enjoyed writing it. Yes, she had been at it a long, long time.

We drank like Earl Grey's Mixture, she put the milk in last. We ate very, very thin brown bread and butter, and cakes specially made by a baker who was somewhere in the kitchen.

VIOLENCE IN THE BIG CITY

By WALTER ALLEN

THE SKINNER. By Jay Gilbert. New Authors, 15s.

JAY GILBERT is described on the jacket of her novel as "New Author No. 1." The Skinner is the first book to bear the imprint of New Authors, Limited. It is a melodrama, lurid, intensely serious, and finally unconvincing.

It is set in an anonymous city. Buckley, a teen-age girl, goes to Skinner Street in the heart of the slums to look for 14-year-old Ron, the wife to whom she has played little mother and who has run away to avoid the police.

When found, he repudiates her, but a friend of his, a young tough named Scottie, falls reluctantly in love with her.

His refuge

When she discovers Scottie belongs to a gang of heroin-peddlers she gives him up and sinks into an alcoholic apathy.

Months pass. Love for Liz and a sudden realization of the misery of the drug addict's life cause Scottie to break away from the gang. He takes refuge in Liz's flat, where the gang bosses kill the sinister gang-leader, Finn, to prevent his killing Scottie, and is then himself killed in a road accident.

Scottie, blaming himself for his friend's death, is persuaded by Liz from killing himself in turn. It is the old story: The redemption of a bad man by a good woman's love, but told in such a way as to read like an espresso-bar dream of violence based on lurid recollections of gangster films and stories.

Anonymous

The big-city background is as formalised, as abstract as the decor of an advanced ballet about the slums. In the end the characters, who are snarled-up and inarticulate almost to the point of dumbness, are as anonymous and featureless as the city. We know no more about them than we did at the beginning.

But there is power here, and a genuine attempt to wrestle with language. When Jay Gilbert looks at life straight instead of through films and literature she may well give us something to write home about.

(London Express Service).

THE FINAL GAMBLE THAT FAILED

von Rundstedt: 'The Hitler plan was nonsensical'

by MILTON SHULMAN

THE BATTLE OF THE ARDENNES. By Robert E. Merriam. Souvenir Press, 21s.

TO a fanfare of exultant orders of the day, the Wehrmacht on December 16, 1944, made its last, despairing lunge for victory in the West. The effort was doomed to failure from the start and the resultant battle probably shortened the war by many months.

Mr Merriam has written a detailed, rather flushed, account of this familiar battle that adds remarkably little to what we already know.

The shock

Probably its chief distinction, from a British standpoint is the fact that it vigorously defends Montgomery's strategic handling of the battle in the northern salient of the Ardennes.

When the Germans broke into the Ardennes-Eifel sector with 17 divisions on the first day and followed this up quickly with another 12 divisions, Allied commanders were staggered by their own ignorance.

After the break-through in Normandy and the rout through France, optimism was the prevailing emotion in Allied circles. Intelligence officers vied with each other writing wisecracks about the disorganised Wehrmacht and the troops confidently expected a quick end to the war.

The evidence

But Hitler had other plans. From mid-September the Fuehrer had been planning the counter-offensive through the Ardennes which was aimed at reaching Antwerp and severing the Allied armies in two.

There was no lack of evidence about this German plan available to Allied intelligence. But so convinced were they of its strategic impracticability that they consistently reasoned themselves out of the obvious.

Indeed, when two prisoners-of-war reported on December 14 that the Germans were preparing an attack, intelligence assumed it was an error in translation and reprinted it as a

statement that they were expecting us to attack. The German blow was received with incredulous surprise for the first four days.

Chaos, ignorance, despair, rumours and panic—the familiar bedfellows of defeat—gripped the American defenders.

It was at this moment, with the imperative need to coordinate all Allied forces against a German break-through across the Meuse, that Eisenhower split his command in two, giving Montgomery the northern sector and Bradley the southern.

Some American historians have never forgiven Eisenhower for this decision.

Not only was it an affront to national pride, but Montgomery was seriously criticised for advocating certain tactical withdrawals and for his tardiness in launching a counter-offensive.

The supplies

Mr Merriam convincingly demonstrates that any other course could have led to military suicide.

Knots of brave American resistance at St. Vith and Bastogne upset Hitler's timetable and when the weather permitted the Allied air force to take part in the battle on December 23, it was only a matter of time before the Ardennes offensive was receding on itself.

The truth was that the Germans had neither the men, supplies, petrol or aerial superiority to carry out Hitler's ambitious dream. Rundstedt and other senior commanders recognised the impossibility of their task before it had begun.

"It was a hopeless operation," von Rundstedt once told me, "and although it is sometimes called the Rundstedt offensive I had nothing to do with it. It came to me as an order complete in every detail."

The final epitaph of this battle comes from Goering. "It was no longer 1940," said he, translation and reprinted it as a

THREE JOURNEYS ON THE THAMES

By RICHARD CHURCH

LONDON'S RIVERSIDE. By Eric de Mare. Reinhardt, 30s.

THE author of this book is an architect, a journalist and a photographer. So he is well qualified to make his triple journey down the Thames from Battersea to Woolwich.

The first journey is in the past, and on his way he gives us a history of the two banks, from the various civilisations of Celt, Roman, Middle Ages, the Golden Elizabethan, the Restoration, the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. This journey is full of stories.

A privilege

Old London Bridge, with its superstructure of houses and shops, lasted for 600 years. To live in one of those pontine dwellings was a privilege, because "its street was comparatively clean, all soil and rubbish from the houses being thrown, not in a stinking midden in the street, as elsewhere in the town, but down trapdoors into the river."

Water could be pulled up in buckets straight from the river and fishing lines could be suspended from the windows.

Mr de Mare's second journey is in the present, showing us the bank-sides as they are in all their confusion, lack of planning, waste, and not infrequent moments of grandeur and poetic beauty (such as the scene from Stungford Bridge, or evening

from the foyer of the Festival Hall).

Though there is a richness of detail in this section, it is inevitable that some omissions are to be noted.

Mr de Mare does not, for example, mention the two Dutch oil-boats which have mooring rights off Custom House Quay, so long as the mooring is never left vacant. This has lasted since the time of William and Mary.

He reminds us that Cleopatra's Needle "has nothing to do with the Egyptian Queen, but was originally one of a pair of obelisks erected at Heliopolis about 1450 BC by Thothmes III in front of a temple to the sun."

The third journey is in the future. This is more hopeful than real, but it is backed by pictures, the first being an imaginary reconstruction of the Pool of London by one George Dance in 1800, with two bridges flanking great crescents, north and south of the river and with The Monument conspicuous.

The other picture is a sketch from the recent Holden and Holford post-war reconstruction plan. It shows a riverside walk below Upper Thames Street, secured by setting back warehouses.

(London Express Service).

Mr. Shute Scores A Technical Win

by RICHARD LISTER

THE RAINBOW AND THE ROSE. By Nevil Shute. Heinemann, 16s.

OF all the plain, straightforward story-tellers, Mr. Nevil Shute is the plainest and most straightforward. His characters are simple men of action, wholly uncomplicated, nice, grown-up, schoolboys with the code of behaviour of nice schoolboys. His women, I sometimes think, are nice grown-up schoolgirls, too.

But what Mr Shute does small aircraft. Johnny Pascoe, who retired from the captaincy of an Australian air-line at 30, is, when we first hear of him, lying with a fractured skull in an inaccessible part of Bannan.

He learned his flying in the 1914-18 war.

Johnny survived a German prison camp, but his marriage did not. It had been to a musical comedy actress who deserted him for Hollywood.

His next, and last but one love, was Brenda Marshall. Her husband is a mental case. This produces terrible complications for Brenda's simple-minded people. Brenda's husband is always in danger of getting better, and needs her, and they must not do anything "amutty". But evidently they do one night at an Aero rally in France, for the result is a daughter. Divorce is impossible and Brenda deliberately crushes her. She dies.

FIRST LOVE

Johnny turns his back on England and devotes himself to his first love, flying. Twenty-five years later his wheel turns full circle. The chief air boss of his line makes a devastating impression on him and he finds himself falling in love (in the nicest possible way) with his own illegitimate daughter.

So successfully does Mr Shute wrap up this yarn in a covering of realistic technical detail that we hardly notice its salubrity. It may be a very simple tale, but it is very skilfully put over.

FICTION SHELF

By JOHN WATERMAN

● DISCOURSE WITH SHADOWS. By J. E. Malpas. Gollancz, 15s. 6d. The bombed-out ruins of post-war Frankfurt, and four survivors of a Nazi concentration camp are joined by Franz Gruenwald who has been in England since 1939. He becomes involved with their past in an act of revenge which leads to a climax of terror with nightmare memories.

A moving and convincing novel, with background as authentic as sauerkraut and narrative worked in a counterpoint of suspense.

● BETWEEN THE PARTIES. By Helen Foley. Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d. An old love affair is unhappily resurrected against a cory landscape of life with the British Army (or Commonwealth) in Austria, colonels, ladies, dignified but impoverished Austrian aristocracy, babies and back-biting. A well-written sort of Colonel Dora's diary.

(London Express Service).

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



Making Friends



By Harry Weinert



★ ★ ★

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

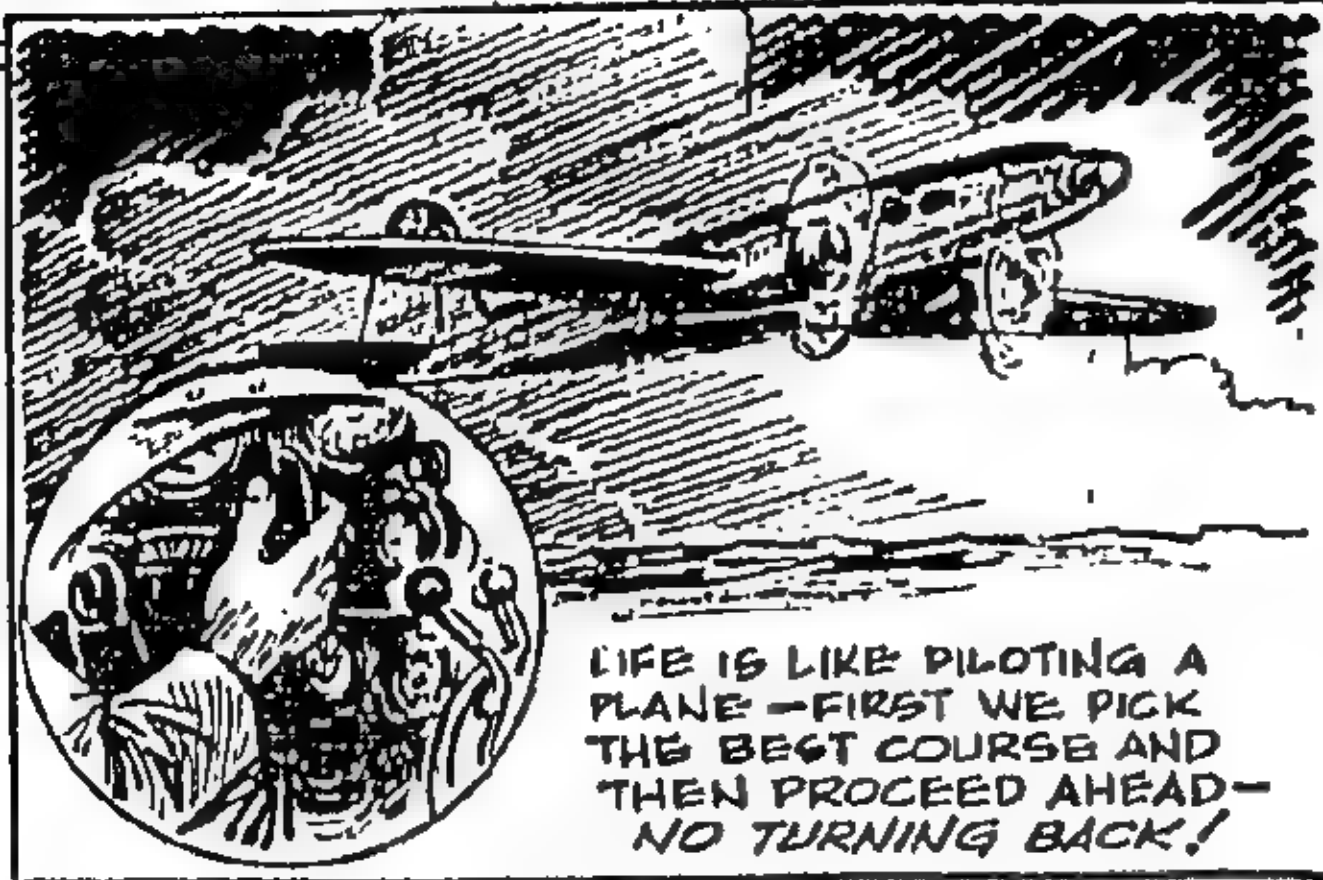
★ ★ ★

On Reaching Point Of No Return

A PROMINENT feature on the instrument panels of planes making long flights across the ocean is a place marked, "Point of No Return."

The exact point has to be decided and set for a particular flight or trip with a knowledge of the number of miles to a place where a forced landing can be made.

A nice bit of calculation is involved. Its accuracy is highly important to the crew and passengers. A mistake in calculation might be fatal. When the indicator points directly to that point, the pilot has his last chance to turn back. When it is past the point he has committed the plane to finish the voyage. There is no turning back afterward.



Before that time if there is trouble he can turn about and go back to land safely. If he is a wise pilot he checks carefully all possibilities and takes no chances. He has his decision made before that crucial point of no return is reached. In some ways, life is like that. There is no unerring needle.

In the voyage of life pointing to the exact times when we must decide whether to go ahead or turn back. But the lines come all the same, many of them.

Often we are called upon to choose the path we will take, and once we have chosen, we cannot retraced our steps.

Like the pilot of the plane, our decisions affect the lives of others, especially among our family and friends.

This does not mean that we should dodge the journey; we cannot do that if we wish. It does mean that we should head in the right direction and have everything in order.

To paraphrase an old saying, we should first be sure we are right, and then go ahead.

—J. A. RICHARD

Prospectors Use Invisible Light



HE FARES FORTH AT DUSK, LEADING A BURRO LOADED WITH BATTERIES.

HE SEEKS STONES THAT LOOK QUITE ORDINARY BY DAY, BUT WHICH FLUORESC (GLOW) WHEN BLACK LIGHT STRIKES THEM. THEY ARE USED FOR MANY PURPOSES, INCLUDING TV SCREENS.

STONES MAY GLOW IN AS MANY AS TEN COLORS AND COLLECTORS PAY WELL FOR RARE SPECIMENS.



BILL ARTER

The Spy With The Mirror Memory

SPYING is a business which makes use of many talents, both ordinary and unusual.

Perhaps we are inclined to think of spies as glamorous women wheeling state secrets from prime ministers at gay parties. Or handsome, athletic men boldly outwitting a thousand counterespies and escaping over the border in the nick of time.

Such exciting people are rare in the very serious business of spying. Often spies lead humdrum lives with only the spice of danger, if they are caught.

Consider the real-life case of one spy, whom we shall call simply "George," because his real name was never revealed. A native of one of the Baltic republics, George was recruited by his government to spy upon the Red regime of Russia back in the early 1920's—for the



reason that he was a memory expert.

In the early '20's the danger of Communism in Russia was foreseen. As a safety measure surrounding republics began smuggling spies into Moscow. This memory expert George was one such secret agent—a spy working not for money, but for patriotism.

He contrived to set himself up as a taximan in that city.

George was always waiting near some official building when the small fry of the Red regime finished their day's work and headed home. For many weeks George carried them in his droski (carriage), sizing them up.

He thought he had found what he was seeking in a certain young man who clerked in the Red Army headquarters. A friendship sprang up. Finally George sounded him out.

If he could arrange to let George see certain papers—just for an hour, George would pay the young man a large sum of rubles.

The clerk hesitated, but greed overcame his patriotism. The arrangement went off without a hitch. The clerk "borrowed" the documents—the spy with the amazing memory studied them for an hour and then they were returned to the proper place.

The secret information firmly locked in his memory, spy George dropped into a barbershop to clean up before attempting to sneak back over the border.

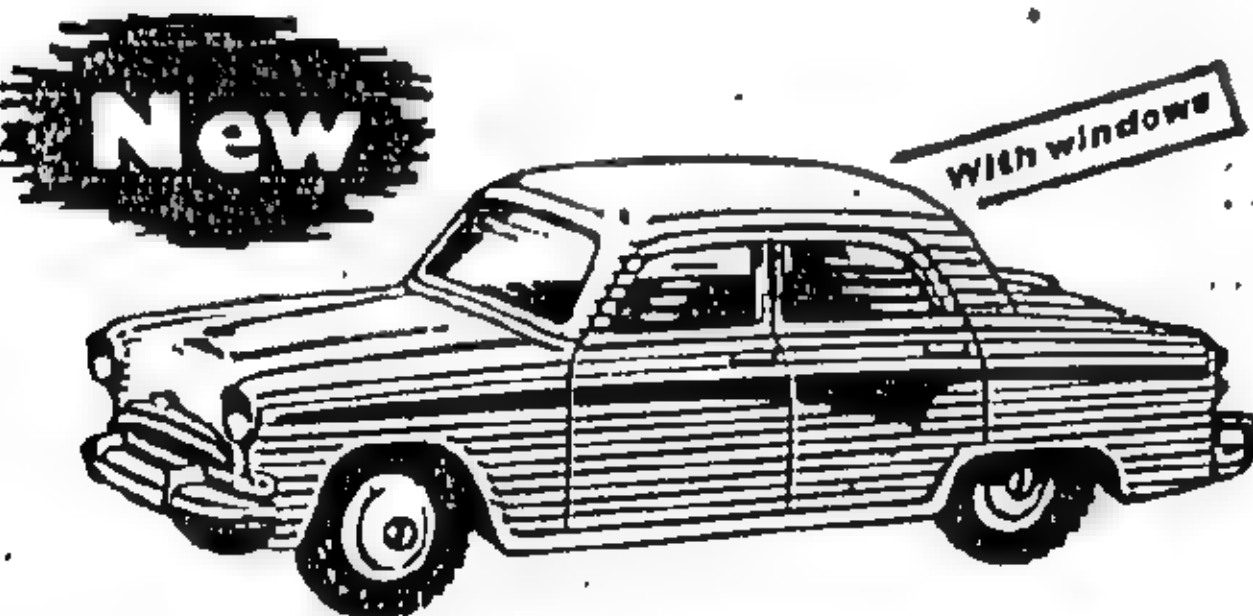
But then came a slip-up. After he had finished shaving George, the barber asked: "What will you have on the face, comrade?"

"Camphor ice," nonchalantly replied George. In a flash, another man who was waiting his turn, was at George's side.

"You are under arrest," the man growled. "Come along!" His fate was sealed. He died before a firing squad.

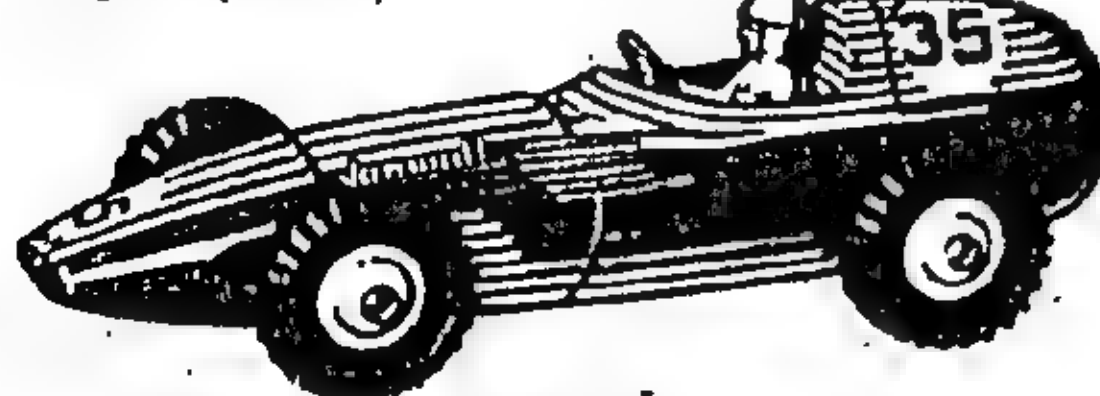
The trivial slip of asking for camphor ice, a common facial tonic in the Baltic states and in Russia, too, before the Revolution—had tripped up George. Ironically, he had failed to memorize the vital fact that camphor ice had completely disappeared from Russia with the passing of the last of the Czars.

—CLEMENS KIRCHNER



DINKY TOYS No. 174 AUSTIN A105 SALOON

Look at this model Austin A105 for luxury de luxe! Now there's a car that anyone would be proud to own. Get this superb model for your collection now—it has transparent windscreen and windows. Keep on collecting Dinky Toys—they're the best in the world. Length 4" (102 mm.)



DINKY TOYS No. 219 VANWALL RACING CAR

The Vanwall is the racer that's upholding British prestige all over the world and this model has all the sleek lines and powerful appearance of the real thing—it's a perfect job. Could be you at the wheel. Get this model today and have lots of fun racing it. Length 3 1/2" (89 mm.)

Keep on collecting

DINKY TOYS

MADE IN ENGLAND BY MECANO LTD, BRISTOL, ENGLAND



The name of the cat is "Camber Dearest." She is a blue kitten owned by Mrs. E. M. Denton of Denmark Hill, London, and was shown at the Horticultural and Motor Vehicle Championships Opt Show held at the Casino Hall Westminster last Saturday.

HOW POCAHONTAS WAS KIDNAPPED

THIS is a story of how a copper kettle once saved the colonists of Jamestown.

It was written originally by Ralph Hamor, secretary of the Jamestown Colony from 1611 to 1614, and published in London in 1616.

Hamor tells a story of how the beautiful Indian princess, Pocahontas, staunch friend of the Jamestown colonists, was kidnapped, and held prisoner in Jamestown.

The colonists loved Pocahontas, but her father, the powerful

chief Powhatan was their enemy.

The colonists were starving. Pocahontas had been forbidden by her father to bring them food, as she had been in the habit of doing.

It was the winter of 1613 that Captain Argall, who had been sent from England to replace Captain John Smith, had a bold idea.

He learned that Pocahontas's delight and darling, his daughter, Pocahontas, was to visit an uncle, Japowh, not far from Jamestown.

He would kidnap Pocahontas and hold her until her father agreed to a treaty of peace and returned the white prisoners.

Many tinicets had been sent from England for trading with the Indians. Among these were some copper kettles. The captain knew the old uncle's greediness for the precious copper. Japowh agreed to the plan and got his kettle.

The Indian princess was taken aboard Argall's boat and held in Jamestown.

After much bargaining, Powhatan agreed to the terms and Pocahontas was released. Powhatan kept his terms of the bargain, and Jamestown was saved from destruction by one copper kettle.



Some Strange Yarns About Wise Animals

MAYBE you've heard the joke about the cat that ate the cheese out of the mousetrap and then waited above the hole with "baited" breath.

But here are some strange true stories of fish, fowl and animals that will show you strategy campaigns are not solely for the human race.

We have some wild ducks which have made their home in a small western Pennsylvania river for years.

The birds are village pets and everyone, young and old, feeds them.

Once a boy tossed the bread from a sandwich and the ducks gobbled away. But each duck saved a portion, marching down to the edge of the river, they cast their bread into the water.

When the "bait" attracted small fish, the ducks each grabbed a bill full of fish for their dessert.

NOW HERE IS another story concerning the pelican. When a pelican captures a fish he snaps it into the air and reaches his meal on the fly.

The gulls have long spotted this manoeuvre and have capitalised on it. They swoop down at the very time the pelican tosses his catch and many times the gulls get there first.

Witnesses claim they have actually watched a gull perch on a pelican's back and when the big bird made his catch and popped it up into the air, the gull moved in fast and beat the pelican to the meal.

A seven-year-old boy was fishing from a boat in Canadian waters with his parents. The boy cast his line into the water many many times. The line had the usual bobbers on. Suddenly there was a cast and a boyish shout, "I've got a bite!"

Seeing the line going out, the father grabbed the line and

hauled it in hand over hand, until a large fish came out of the water. When the mother netted it, it was discovered the thirty pound pike had ignored the bait and was holding fast to the line itself.

YET, READ ON. If this same boy had a fractured leg, you know he would have to have it set by a physician and keep it in a cast for weeks.

I watched a fox set its own broken leg, build a cast for it and sweat it out for 30 days.

Hidden away, I watched the animal pick out a spot of clay soil well washed by water. The animal dug a hole with its front feet, then gingerly placed the fractured leg into the "clay cast" and packed the wet clay back around the injured leg.

Each day I went back morning and evening, to check on him. The animal was getting a little water by licking the wet ground but definitely no food.

This went on day after day. At last a month had passed. The fox was weak-looking, thin and plainly in torment.

I was lucky enough to be present when it decided it was time to test the leg. On the thirtieth day, the dirt was dug away, the "bad" leg emerged shriveled and shaking.

The fox limped to the water for a long drink. Then came the test. The injured leg was put down to earth, lifted, put down again and again to restore circulation and gain strength.

I hung around most of the day watching the animal try to strengthen and even stretch the injured leg by giving it a good workout without actually walking.

At last it seemed satisfied the leg could take it. The animal walked eagerly toward the deep woods. Truly, the world of nature is a wonderful world.

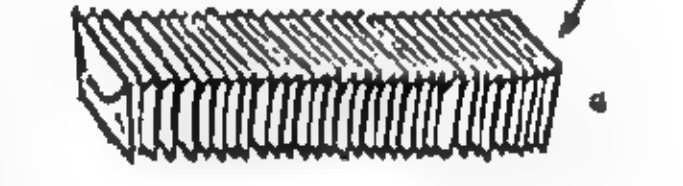
—HERB WADDELL

HOW TO BUDGET BOX

1. FIND A BOX (WITH AID) ABOUT 4 IN. DEEP, 7 IN. WIDE, 10 IN. LONG.

2. BUY ABOUT 40 WHITE ENVELOPES THAT WILL FIT INTO THE BOX.

3. PUT ENVELOPES IN THE BOX. CUT SMALL PIECES OF COLORED PAPER 1/2 INCH WIDE AND 1 1/2 IN. LONG. WRITE BUDGET ITEMS ON THEM. PASTE IN UPPER RIGHT HAND CORNER OF ENVELOPES. HOLD BACK THE FLAPS, STICK ENVELOPES TOGETHER TOGETHER INTO A LONG ROW.



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ENTERTAINMENT 210TH STREET SCHOOL



The Well-Mannered Hen

—Her One Big Mistake Was To Criticize Pig—

By MAX TRELL

"ONCE upon a time," said Mr. Punch to Knarf, the Shadow Boy with the Turned-About Name, and today, the Stuffed Bear, and Hiawatha, the Small Size Wooden Indian, "there was a Hen who lived in a farmyard. Unless I'm mistaken, and I don't think I am, the name of this Hen was Henrietta."

"Maybe," said Teddy, "she was a Chicken and her name was Chickie?"

"Or maybe," said Hiawatha, "this Chickie was a Rooster and his name was Henry."

Mr. Punch paid no attention to these two interruptions. "Clean And Neat"

"Well," he said, "this Hen named Henrietta was as clean and as neat and as nice and as polite as ever a Hen could be. Whenever she walked about the farmyard, she would speak to the young Ducks and to the young Geese. She would remind them to keep themselves neat and clean. They all listened to her carefully and did their best to obey her."

"Then one day," continued Mr. Punch, "Henrietta came on a sight which filled her with surprise and consternation. For a moment or two she couldn't even open her mouth to speak."

"What caused that?" asked Knarf. "What did she see?"

"Muddy Puddle"

Teddy said: "She must have seen a Duck standing in a puddle of muddy water."

Mr. Punch shook his head. "Suppose I do scratch in the ground for my food. What of it? I do, of course, but that little Pig didn't have any nose, did he? Pigs have awful manners."

"Let she saw a Pig?" said Knarf.

This time, Mr. Punch smiled and nodded. "A Pig," he said, "is exactly what Henrietta saw. To tell you the truth, she saw that Pig—she was a small fat Pig—rooting around in the mud!"

"What's rooting around?" Teddy asked.

"Rooting around," said Mr. Punch, "means digging in the ground for roots with your nose."

Unpleasant Idea

Knarf and Teddy and Hiawatha all let out sounds which meant they didn't like the idea of rooting around in the mud with their noses.

"I didn't think you would," said Mr. Punch. "Nobody likes rooting in the mud—except Pigs."

"What did Henrietta say to that Pig?" Teddy wanted to know.

"Well, she watched that Pig for a minute or two," answered Mr. Punch, "then she went up to him and said: 'How do you do, my little Pig?'"

"Hi," greeted the Pig, "I've been watching you. You're hungry, aren't you?"



"You scratch for food," Pig told Henrietta.

"I sure am," granted the Pig. "It's good to be hungry," said Henrietta. "Everybody gets hungry now and then."

"I'm hungry all the time," said the Pig.

"Now," said Henrietta, "Teddy, hungry is all right. What I don't like is the way you root around in the ground with your nose."

"That's how I find food," said the Pig.

Not Good Manners

"Folks with good manners," said Henrietta, "don't root in the ground with their noses."

"Is that so?" said the Pig. "You scratch in the ground with your bank. I saw you myself!"

"Henrietta didn't say anything," she simply tossed her head indignantly and strutted away.

But a little Duck who was standing near her heard her say, "Suppose I do scratch in the ground for my food. What of it? I do, of course, but that little Pig didn't have any nose, did he? Pigs have awful manners."

When Mr. Punch finished his tale, Knarf said: "Henrietta, the Hen, shouldn't have criticized that Pig, Mr. Punch."

Hiawatha said: "Pigs haven't got bad manners. If they didn't root around in the mud with their noses, they wouldn't be Pigs. And what's the harm of being a Pig, if he doesn't act like a Pig?"

Teddy said: "Pigs are dirty! They can be dirty and muddy minds—except the Chickie!"

BRAIN TEASERS

IN THE MIDDLE AGES each occupation had its own guild and insignia. While all of us might at times use some of these tools, what workers would be likely to use them the most?

1. Shuttle. 2. Typewriter. 3. Microscope. 4. Awl. 5. Compass. 6. Bevel square. 7. Snake. 8. Crowbar. 9. Monkey wrench. 10. Needle.

4000'S WHO

OHIO RANKS SECOND TO CALIFORNIA IN NUMBER OF BEE COLONIES.

BIRDS ARE DESCENDED FROM REPTILES AND STILL HAVE MANY CHARACTERISTICS OF REPTILES.

THE PORCUPINE IS CALLED THE FOREST GANGSTER BY TIMBERMEN. WHEREVER THIS VEGETARIAN TRAVELS ON ITS NOCTURNAL HUNTS, DEAD OR DYING TREETOPS MARK ITS PATH.

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MARK ITS PATH.

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Bid And Play
Shows Science

By OSWALD JACOBY

SOUTH went down 1,400 points yesterday in order to save a rubber. Today's hand is the next and final one of that same rubber.

The East-West bidding was very scientific. East's two-spade bid was a definite slam try and West with 10 points was willing to show his club ace. When East continued by showing the ace of diamonds West jumped to four hearts on account of his good trumps and East contracted for the slam.

Careful play was required to bring the hand home. East won the opening spade lead and drew

| | | | |
|----------------------------|---------------|-------|------|
| NORTH (D) | | 10 | |
| ♠ K 9 7 5 3 | | | |
| ♥ 7 | | | |
| ♦ 9 6 5 | | | |
| ♣ 10 9 8 4 | | | |
| WEST | EAST | | |
| ♠ 4 3 2 | ♠ A 8 7 | | |
| ♥ K J 6 5 | ♥ A Q 9 8 5 2 | | |
| ♦ 8 4 3 2 | ♦ A Q 10 | | |
| ♣ A Q 8 | ♣ K 2 | | |
| SOUTH | | | |
| ♠ Q J 10 6 | | | |
| ♥ 10 4 | | | |
| ♦ K 7 | | | |
| ♣ J 7 5 3 | | | |
| Both vulnerable. | | | |
| East and West 60 on score. | | | |
| North | East | South | West |
| Pass | 1♥ | Pass | 2♥ |
| Pass | 2♠ | Pass | 3♥ |
| Pass | 3♥ | Pass | 4♥ |
| Pass | 6♥ | Pass | Pass |
| Pass | | | |
| Opening lead—♠ Q | | | |

trumps with two leads. Three rounds of clubs allowed him to get rid of his losing spade and he ruffed dummy's last spade in his own hand.

This series of plays had eliminated all black cards from his hand and dummy. Now all he had to do was to enter dummy with a third trump, lead a diamond and finesse his ten spot.

South won with the jack and was now helpless. A diamond lead would be up to East's ace-queen and a spade or club lead would allow East to ruff in dummy and discard his queen of diamonds.

♥+CARD Sense♦

Q—The bidding has been:
North East South West
1♠ Pass 1♥ Pass
2NT Pass ? Pass

You, South, hold:
♠ A Q 8 5 ♥ K J 10 ♦ Q 2 ♣ 8 7 6
What do you do?
A—Bid three no-trump. You may be missing a slam but you are more likely to be missing a slam that won't make.

TODAY'S QUESTION
You hold the same hand. Your partner's rebid after your one heart has been three no-trump. What do you do in this case?

Answer on Monday

An English farm labourer recently won £75,000 on the football pools by correctly forecasting eight matches to end in a draw. He said he would help to gather in the harvest before deciding what to do with the money.



"If I win £75,000, I'm hanged if I don't treat him to a new 'n'"

The fear behind this 'We want Bevan' call

THE REBELS WITHOUT A CAUSE SEE HIM AS THEIR LAST ELECTION HOPE

By GEORGE HUTCHINSON

Evening Standard Political Correspondent.

TORIES, Socialists and Liberals alike must surely be agreed on one thing when their annual party conferences concluded. For it now seems beyond dispute that the most remarkable aspect of the political scene in Britain today is not the tremendous recovery of the Government but the continuing failure of the Opposition to improve their prospects.

Even through the long months of the Government's unpopularity, the Socialists made no advance. Now they are not even treading water: they are sinking.

TOO LATE?

The decline is unmistakable to all but the most blinkered in the party. And, in terms of the next General Election it is almost complete, close to the point at which any remedial action is liable to prove too late. What has gone wrong? Is it simply Mr Gaitskell's leadership, or is there another explanation?

Some of the trade union leaders have given their answer. Diagnosing faults at the top, they now seek to invest Mr Aneurin Bevan as chairman of the party at the forthcoming conference so that he should preside over their destinies during what they expect to be an election year.

It is hardly flattering to Mr Gaitskell. Nor, of course, to Mrs Barbara Castle, to whom the chairmanship should pass as she is now vice-chairman. It might almost suggest that Mrs Castle is in some way unfitted to occupy the chair when great affairs are in hand—as if she were a sort of Laski figure, not



K.M.

"Bevan... leadership without a cause... faith without a belief."

sufficiently well known and possibly indiscreet, like the professor who was Attlee's party chairman in 1945.

If it's discretion that tells, the Socialists would hardly want Nye "Vermin." "Dedicated calculating machine." You could scarcely call the man discreet.

But would the replacement of Mrs Castle by Mr Bevan in itself cure the ills of the party? Mr Bevan has the marvellous gift of oratory. Few can begin to match him on the platform or in the House of Commons. But an orator has to have something to say. And this is the root of the Socialist problem. There is no longer a cause. The fire has gone out.

And, paradoxically, it was Mr Bevan himself who killed the last Socialist cause when at the Brighton conference a year ago he rejected the plan for Britain to abandon the H-bomb atom.

In so doing he outraged his friends of the Left and destroyed the enthusiasm of untold thousands of constituency workers—even though that enthusiasm was misplaced and Mr Bevan's judgment was right.

There is another reason too, why a great Party has grown weary. The old cause of Socialism—the gross disparity between wealth and poverty—has vanished. Constantly, the Socialists harp upon the fear of unemployment. That is a very real fear; but it is hard to

preach Socialism successfully and cry social justice to people who are buying motor cars, refrigerators, television sets, and washing machines on a scale unknown before.

There are, it is true, some pockets of unemployment, but there is every indication that the return to an expanding economy will take up the slack.

In these circumstances the Socialists face the prospect not only of a third successive General Election victory for the Tories but—worse still—the prospect of a greater political defeat than in 1955.

It is for this reason that their more astute leaders are turning to Mr Bevan.

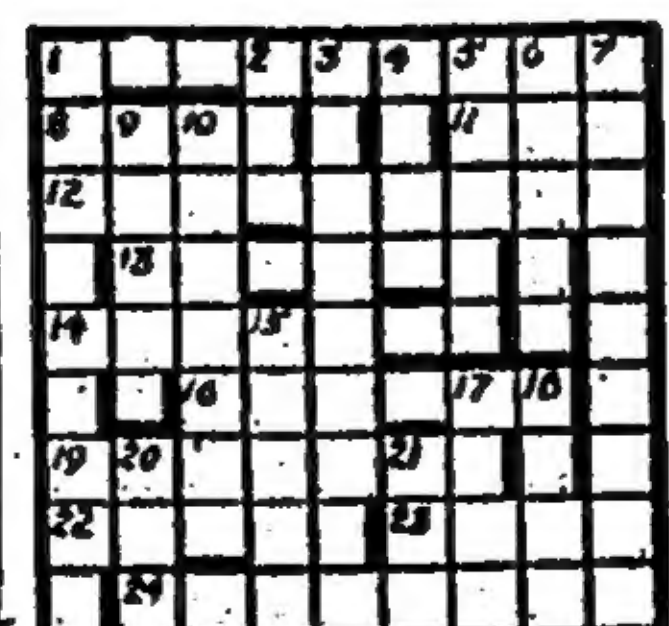
AT THE TOP

The cry Bevan for Chairman amounts to a last throw by a group, still sharp enough to recognise that if they are to be defeated it must be an "honourable" or dignified defeat. In other words, the Tory majority must be kept down, within proportions that will not utterly dishearten the entire party for years.

And the conviction grows that only with Mr Bevan visibly and formally at the top, alongside Mr Gaitskell, can this conceivably be realised. Bevan cannot guarantee success but perhaps the passionate, romantic force of his personality can save them from total disaster, even without some great rampaging cause. That is the reasoning.

Bevan leadership without a cause faith without a belief. And Mr Bevan himself?

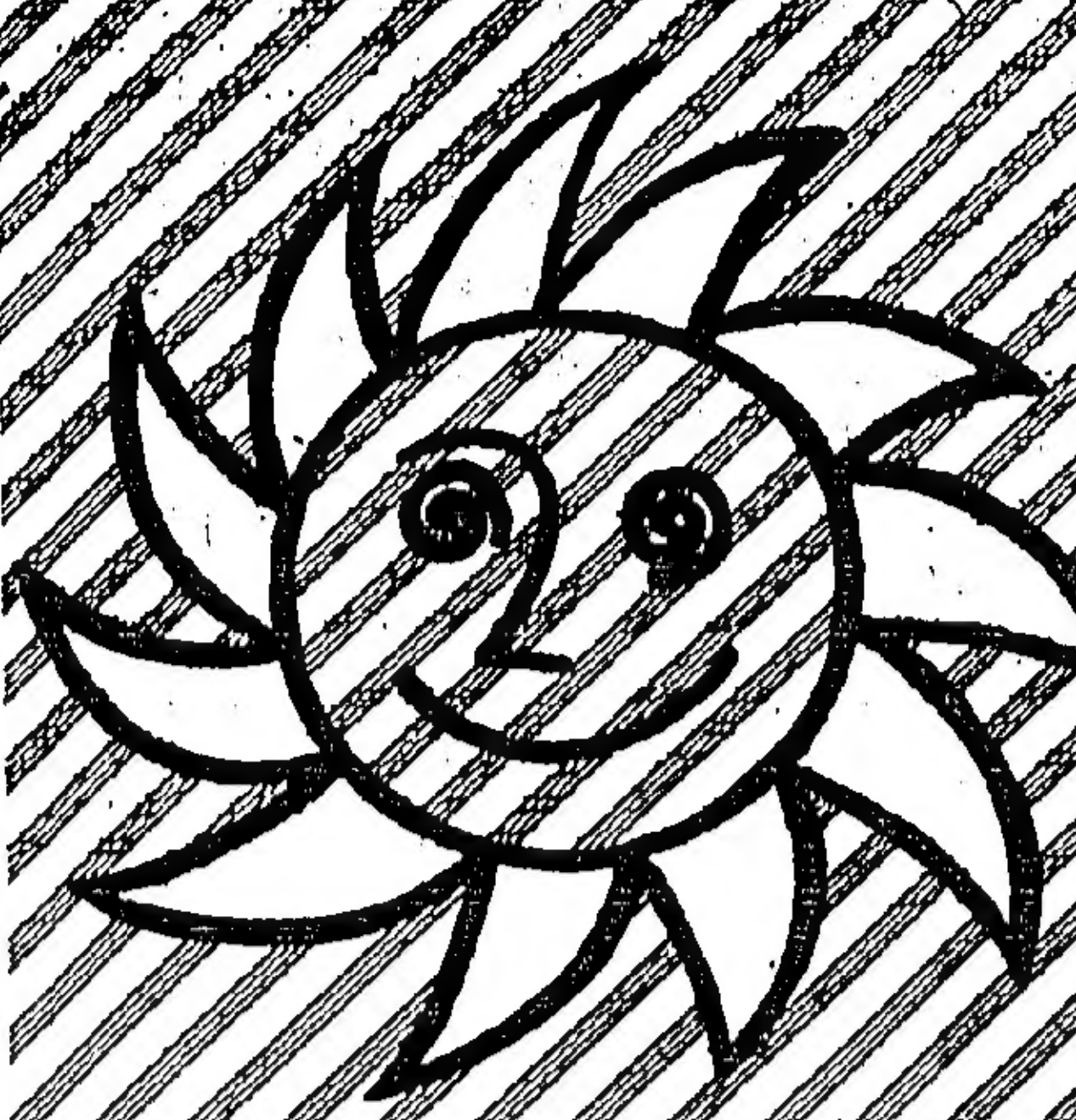
CROSSWORD



Across
1. Italian measure. (5)
2. Image. (4) without 11. Pair. (3)
12. It floats but does not go to sea. (5, 4)
13. Extra surface. (10)
14. Eastern war. (7)
15. The bed (anag.). (6)
16. Incident. (4)
17. Part of old phyllopa. (5)
23. Units. (4) 24. Darnen. (8)

Down
1. Soup ingredient in China. (10, 4)
2. Business chiefs. (10) 3. Beer. (3)
4. Solid sugar. (4) 5. Decorate. (5)
6. Smoothly polite. (5)
7. Nothing recovered. (4)
8. Bed. (4)
9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB
FIRST RACE MEETING
Saturday, 4th October, 1958
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 10 RACES
The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE
NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.
Admission Badges at \$10.00 each are obtainable prior to the Meeting from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, D'Agular Street and Nathan Road, Kowloon, only on the written introduction of a Member, and on production of his Guest Record Card. Members are limited to 6 guests each Race Day, and will be responsible for all guests introduced by them.
GUEST BADGES WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE COURSE ON RACE DAYS.
Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).
The 6th Floor is restricted to Members, and Ladies' wearing Lady's Brooches.
NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE
The price of admission will be \$3.00 each payable at the Gate. Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.
MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS
Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS
Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$20.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Agular Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 3rd October, 1958 will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Kwangtung Handicap scheduled to be run on 18th October, 1958, at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at:—
Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Agular Street on:—
Mondays to Fridays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturday, 4th October 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.
382, Nathan Road, Kowloon
Mondays to Fridays 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Saturday, 4th October 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

TOTALISATOR.
Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

Concluding Instalment Of 'Men Who Changed Sport' HALF A MILLION BREAK Then Billiards Rules Were Changed

By DEREK JOHN

Carefully sighting along his cue, Tom Reece stroked his ball on to the rod and the white ball locked in the jaws of the pocket. He did it again, and again. He did it 249,552 times.

Tom Reece was on his way to making the biggest billiards break of all time—499,135, unfinished. He made it by using the famous, and soon to become notorious, Anchor Stroke—and caused a hasty rewriting of the rule book.

The anchor cannon was devised by an amateur player, Bill Lovejoy. He put much thought into working out this impregnable position. The difficulty was to get into it. He finally made it in a private game and set up a new amateur record of 600.

A Sensation

It caused a sensation. Every paper carried pictures of the position. But it was dismissed as a freak. The chances of it ever happening again were thought to be millions to one against. Tom Reece did not think so. He saw the difficulties. But he also saw the immense possibilities.

Within a week he had mastered the shot. Playing against his old rival Melbourne Inman he set up a new professional record of 900. Then he lost the position and, in trying to regain it, threw away other chances and, with them, the match. But he wasn't finished with the Anchor Stroke. Playing against Chapman he again got into the position. This time he held it—for five weeks. By then the balls knew their own way, their paths marked in well-defined grooves.

Poor Chapman was still sitting it out when the match ended. One afternoon, someone asked him what he thought of the table. "How would I know?" he retorted. "I haven't had a shot for a month."

Lasted Five Weeks

The break lasted five weeks. It could have gone on for five years. So a special meeting of the Billiards Association was called and the shot was banned. After 25 consecutive cannons, the new rule said, the position had to be broken up. Twenty years later Reece produced his answer—a legal variant of the Anchor Stroke called the Pendulum. Again it was invented by an amateur, J.C. Peppercorn. This time he set up a new record (his previous break of nearly half a million had been discounted) of 6417.

Another huddle by the authorities. Another Reece shot was banned. Reece was no automaton with the cue. He was an artist. But

his nervous temperament caused him to be known as the finest billiards player never to win the Championship.

He went in for freak shots because he liked to be different. To him, billiards was an intellectual exercise. He put this because his weakness. His lack of campaign was so carefully prepared that to carry out it demanded perfection in every stroke.

The Anchor Stroke brought Reece the perfection he sought. But his reaction was typical of a man who always had to have something to strive for. "No man in England was so sick of the Anchor Stroke as I was before the authorities put a stop to it," he admitted afterwards.

Reece's fiercest battles were fought with his long-standing rival, Melbourne Inman. Most players apologise for making a luke shot. Reece was never known to apologise to Inman, nor Inman to Reece.

The only words they exchanged at the table were harsh ones.

Racing Man

Once, after a Reece luke, Inman made a comment. "Did you say anything?" asked Reece.

"I'm here to play billiards, not to talk," replied Inman. "You surprise me," snapped Reece. "I hadn't noticed it."

Once Inman praised his opponent: "Good shot, Reece." Replied Reece: "That's the first time in 40 years that you have said 'Good shot' to me."

Inman: "Yes, and that's the first time you've deserved it."

Reece lived his life as intensely as he played billiards. He was a great racing man and close friend of Steve Donoghue and Gordon Richards.

In an examination for bankruptcy in 1926 he revealed that he had lost £8,000 in a week. In 22 consecutive races the horses he backed to win came in.

He was also a fine swimmer. He helped to train the beautiful

Australian, Annette Kellerman, for her attempt on the English Channel, and swam beside her for three and a half hours in the actual swim. During it he did everything he could to take her mind off her grim struggle. He told her stories and sang to her. Finally, he proposed marriage.

Annette was almost exhausted, but she smiled and replied, "I like tall men best." Reece trod water, threw up his arms and declared, "Tall! Why I can touch the bottom!"

Did Gymnastics

It was because he did gymnastics to help his swimming that Reece first took up billiards. The gym was in a political club in his native town of Oldham. To get to it Reece had to pass the billiards room. The game immediately fascinated him. He started to play and was soon club champion. Then he took a job in a gentlemen's club where he could practise the game eight hours a day.

Until he died at the age of 80 he died still beat the locals at billiards. To cueman Reece that meant more than all the fame of his playing career.

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STARTING TODAY.... England's young stars JIMMY GREAVES (Chelsea), PETER BROADBENT (Wolves), BRIAN CLOUGH (Middlesbrough), BOBBY CHARLTON (Manchester United), DAVE BURNSIDE (West Bromwich) tell you about... OUR BRAVE NEW SOCCER WORLD.

I TOUR THE WORLD PLUS £20 A WEEK

By Jimmy Greaves (Chelsea and Young England)

I'M a £1,000-a-year man at 18. That's what football has done for me. It has taken me around Europe—to Holland, France, Germany, Spain, and Bulgaria. All these in two years of doing something I love.

I've got my bonuses most weeks, benefits to come, I hope, and eight per cent of every penny I earn from football is being put away for me by the Football League Provident Fund.

If I lost as long in this game as I hope to do, that could mean a pick-up of perhaps £2,000 when I retire. All at no cost at all to Jimmy Greaves.

How many people in other jobs can look forward to such a nest-egg?

Of course, I'm not an expert on other jobs. Had one once—office boy in a publishing company but I packed it in after a week. I wasn't made for anything except football.

SO EXCITING

Sometimes I wonder what I'd be doing now if I wasn't a professional footballer. And I honestly don't know—except that I wouldn't be earning £20 a week—used to spend too much school time dreaming.

But it's not mere money that convinces me being a First Division professional is a good life.

There's the comradeship, the joy of feeling permanently fit,

the travelling, the headlines, the excitement, the pleasure of belonging to a happy club like Chelsea and working for a boss you can respect like Ted Drake.

I've read some of the "exposures" of these ex-players and managers who say Soccer is rotten. That's not the way I've found the game.

And it wasn't the way these confession merchants found Soccer when they were in it either. They made good livings out of the game before they began to kick it to death.

I save all my kicks for the ball because I'm sure nothing is basically wrong with football, although it could stand a little improving here and there from the players' point of view.

SO UNFAIR

For a start, I think benefits should be made compulsory. It's unfair that a man should give five or 10 years of his life to a Third Division club and get

nothing at the end of it, while a First Division player has collected £1,000 in the same time.

Most of us would like to see an end to Christmas Day football too. It does not draw huge crowds, but it disrupts the home life of every player.

No Christmas pudding for the footballer, and if there's an away game, like we have at Blackburn this year, no Christmas either.

SO SURE

I wish for kinder crowds (perhaps that's wishing for the moon) and a better coaching scheme for handpicked school-boy players from each district.

Until I came to Chelsea I thought a coach was something with wheels. But I'm sure now that coaching from the age of 11 would have been a great benefit to boys with real talent, the best boys from a town, say, because it is useless trying to coach whole schools.

There were 400 boys in my school and I'm the only one to be signed as a professional. That's about an average percentage anywhere, because League Soccer is harder, more difficult, and faster than the fans think.

SO CONFIDENT

Many people think I should learn a trade before I turn professional, but I say a lad with confidence in his ability to make the grade should join a ground staff straight away.

He'll absorb the atmosphere, he'll learn from older players. I've even known the older players—on the opposing side too—give me advice during a match. Honest!

League football is a pretty clean game, despite what some people say.

Yes, I'm proud to be a professional. I only hope I can have a job in the game all my life.

1790

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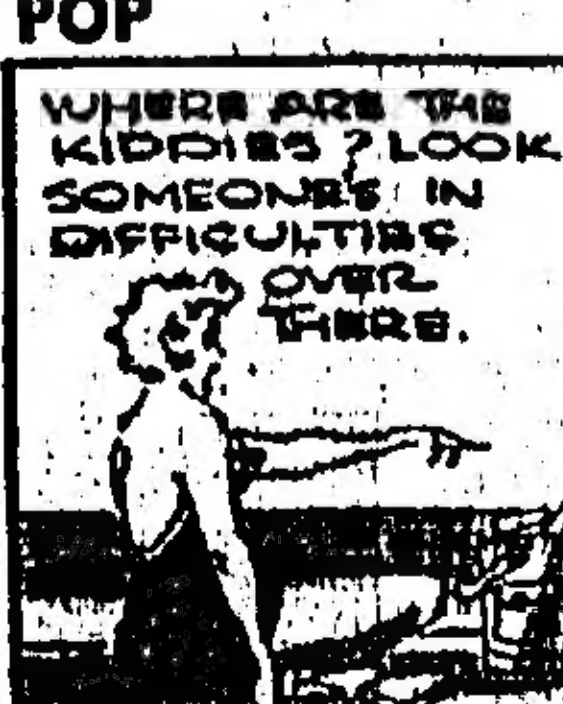
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WHERE ARE THE KIDNEY PILLS, DOCTORS IN DIFFICULTIES OVER THERE?



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Dangerous currents



PHYSICIAN'S DROPS FOR PRECIOUS MOMENTS.

CHERRY HEERING



SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Hongkong-Seoul Soccer Series Not Up To Hongkong Stadium Rating

The grandeur of the vast modern Hongkong Stadium is in danger of becoming a hypnotising and disillusioning drug to some of those people who control football in the Colony. They see it as a bottomless well of wealth with 28,500 eager paying fans packing its towering stands and enclosures. Apparently too, some of them see it as an attraction in itself for that is the only reasonable interpretation one can put to the fact that even third class games are now being taken, there in the hope that their association with the biggest stadium will lull the fans through the turnstiles.

The lesson is being learned the hard way...and the bitter folly of taking anything but top class attractions to the stadium was again adequately demonstrated when the first two games of the current Korean series were played.

For the first match on Sunday a mere handful of spectators turned up and even when the big-name Chinese stars were in action on Tuesday the arena was only one-third filled.

Much Too Astute

Grounds do not make third rate fare into top class attractions. The Hongkong fans are much too astute for that sort of thing and the promoters of the Seoul visit would have reaped a much more satisfying reward if they had staged the games at either the Club or South China grounds.

The fans cannot be bluffed. They want to see good only football and surely they know that soccer is not improved in anyway by being staged on Soekunpo's lush turf.

The fact of the matter is that the series against Seoul simply did not merit Hongkong Stadium rating...and it would have been advantageous to have staged the games at one of the other grounds where the expenses are not so high...particularly when the Grounds Pool arrangement was not operative.

How does one assess the risks of injury from one sport to another? It's an interesting question and it is one which is frequently asked in many different circumstances.

How often have sportsmen argued the relative risks and dangers of rugby and soccer...of cricket and baseball...of boxing and wrestling...and of dozens of others.

I've often thought about it but probably because I could not find a suitable yardstick by which to make reliable measurements I've let the matter slip into the argumentative or personal opinion state.

Graphic Reminder

I had a graphic reminder of sporting risks the other day when the local office of an overseas insurance company decided to send me a proposal form for what they have called 'Sportsman's Insurance'.

While at this stage in the game I am unlikely to become a policy holder I found it a most instructive document...and, if you are one of those people who place reliance in the ability of the insurance folk to weigh up a potential risk, I'm sure you could use this piece of paper to settle many an argument.

One of my sporting colleagues made the singular comment that

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

It would be worth a pile of pints if the local 'beet' home...and that will put it in its correct perspective for many of you.

Now let us...on the basis of a scientific assessment by insurance experts...settle an argument or two.

Poorer Risk

First of all for rugby and soccer enthusiasts let me say that rugby is considered a poorer risk than soccer by one point...that is 'B' against 'A' and, in fact until quite recently, soccer was as low as a 'C' risk, but I'm assured that the upgrading did not take place as a direct result of last Tuesday evening's game at the Hongkong Stadium.

Boxing and wrestling are regarded as involving equal risk and both are assessed at 'A' while the wizards of bunt and boundaries will no doubt be surprised to learn that the men who look at sporting risks in terms of cold finance regard cricket as dangerous as baseball and one point higher than football...Calamity at King's Park!

game for all who wanted to avoid undue risk but then may be the assessor who gave it a 'B' hadn't heard of the 'Hong Sling Wicks' or the 'Coles Crasher'.

Badminton, tennis, squash and rowing...oh, and hiding get marked up at '2' while fishing, archery, basketball and golf hit the 'B' mark.

If you are getting really careless you can get in among the rougher stuff with athletics, gymnastics, shooting and swimming which are all rated as a 'No. 4' risk.

And so it goes on up through the various sporting activities and one gets to the top risk group with side-diving and spearfishing on the '7' mark and big game hunting joining rugby as the riskiest sports of all.

Go on arguing...but be assured...I am not setting up as an insurance agent.

It's a long time since I last watched a soccer match as crusty and crude as that between the Hongkong Chinese and Seoul on Tuesday evening.

In parts it was downright brutal and so unnecessary and as it is to have to say so...the 'cruel' organism was one that has been with us for a long time...rank poor refereeing.

The referee who had charge of the proceedings allowed them to get out of hand and ten thousand long suffering spectators were treated to an almost uninterrupted while of foul play.

It was one solo that could have been avoided if the official had exercised his authority right from the start.

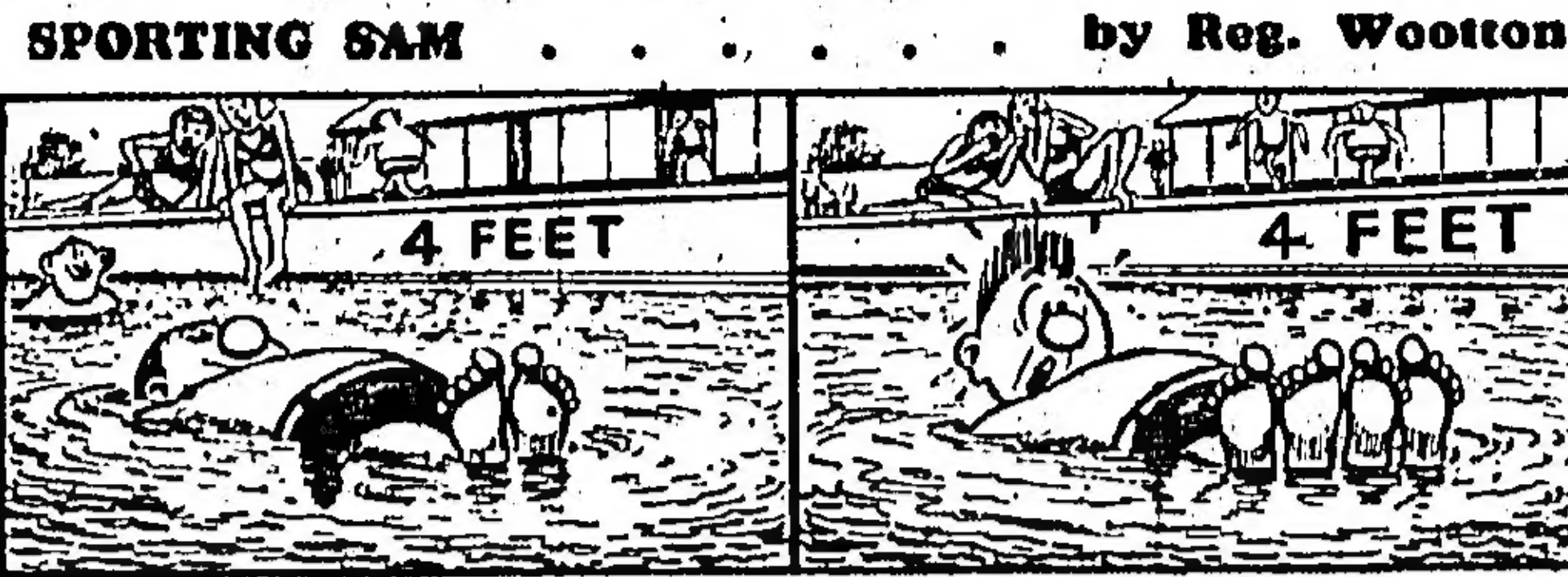
Two Main Aspects The trouble really springs from two main aspects of the referee's work. The first was his failure to apply the advantage rule and the second was his habit of varying his attitude to similar offences.

The advantage rule was originally introduced to help the referee's work. The first was his failure to apply the advantage rule and the second was his habit of varying his attitude to similar offences.

Escaped Censure The second point which took some understanding was the referee's failure to punish like offences in a like manner.

Twice during the game Hongkong defenders Seto Yiu and

Referees for the three games are: Club 'B' v. RATHS-W.C. Richardson, Club 'A' v. Police-Davies, RAAF M. v. G. Howards-W.S. Collier.



WEEK-END LAWN BOWLS

Main attractions of the lawn bowls programme this week-end will be the three quarter-final matches of the International competition for the Gutierrez Shield tomorrow at the Bowling Green Club and the special 'Flag High Shield' match between Recreio and Kowloon Cricket Club at Recreio this afternoon.

Best of the international games should be that between England and Ireland. The England four of H. Black, A. Eastman, B. Douglas and B. Purvis played some very good bowls last week when they eliminated Australia by 35-18 and towards the latter half of the game seemed to click well as a combination.

FULLY CAPABLE

The Ireland four of G. D. S. Agnew, C. E. M. Terry, T. Kavanagh and E. L. Leonard have not played together as yet, having drawn a bye in the earlier round, but are fully capable of making the semi-final berth although the odds will be slightly in favour of their opponents.

Hongkong represented by H. A. O'Neil, M. Q. Wong, S. E. Sousa and F. G. Luz are conceded a slight edge over their Irish opponents, P. J. Billimoria, G. Madar, R. K. Pavri and M. J. Divecha, despite the fact that over Malaya last week.

TOO STRONG

Scotland's four of G. Cole, G. Stark, A. Skene and C. McLennan, will in my opinion be a shade too strong for Philipines E. G. Barros, P. Tan, L. S. da Silva and C. A. Coelho. This afternoon an interesting match, consisting of two singles, one pair, one triple and one rink games will be played between Recreio and Kowloon Cricket Club.

In view of the fact that Hongkong is already in the field of international competition in singles, pairs and rinks, the official introduction of such matches as the one to be played this afternoon merits special consideration.



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From the fourth month onwards or according to doctor's advice, an addition to the milk diet is essential to meet the needs of baby's growth and development. Supplementary feeding ensures satisfactory progress and sounder sleep.



ESTUM-18

Three Rugby Matches Today

There are three fixtures scheduled for this afternoon, two of them at the Club stadium, where both the Club XV's will be on show, and one at Stanley. The latter game which starts at 3.30 p.m. is between RAAF Mainland and the Green Howards.

The main interest will lie in the second game at the Club ground where the Club are at home to a strong Police XV at 4.30 p.m., while in the curtain raiser at 3.15 p.m. Club 'B' are taking on the airman from RAAF (HK), in other words the airman who work on the island.

The Police XV, like the Club 'A' XV show quite a surprising number of changes from last season, and as most of these changes are in the three, the Police who have always been noted for their strong forward pack, may now be presumed to have a strong team.

Much will depend Much will again depend on the two halves Lewis and Hinch, and this season the Police are

by PAK LO

against what were practically a Colony XV, and with their very last three they should win this game convincingly.

The Club 'B' game should also attract a lot of interest for this 'B' game should also attract a lot of interest for this 'B' XV contains seven of last year's 'A' XV, and may therefore be safely presumed to be extremely strong for a 'B' XV.

Noted For Tenacity The airman have only a few well known names in their XV, and at the moment little known of their abilities, but the

airmen from Salwan have always been noted for their tenacity, and they will provide just the sort of opposition Club 'B' need in their first run of the season.

On paper Club 'B' should have an easy win over the airman with their very last three line containing two members who I have no doubt will not be playing much longer for the 'B' side.

The other game at Stanley, will probably result in a win for the Green Howards, but again, there are so many unknowns and imponderables that a reverse result is just as likely, though the Green Howards having a nucleus of well known players should take the honours.

The Teams Following are the teams for today's matches: POLICE: Johnston, Bollingham, O'Hara, McEwen, Ritch, Lewis, Shelley, Cun-

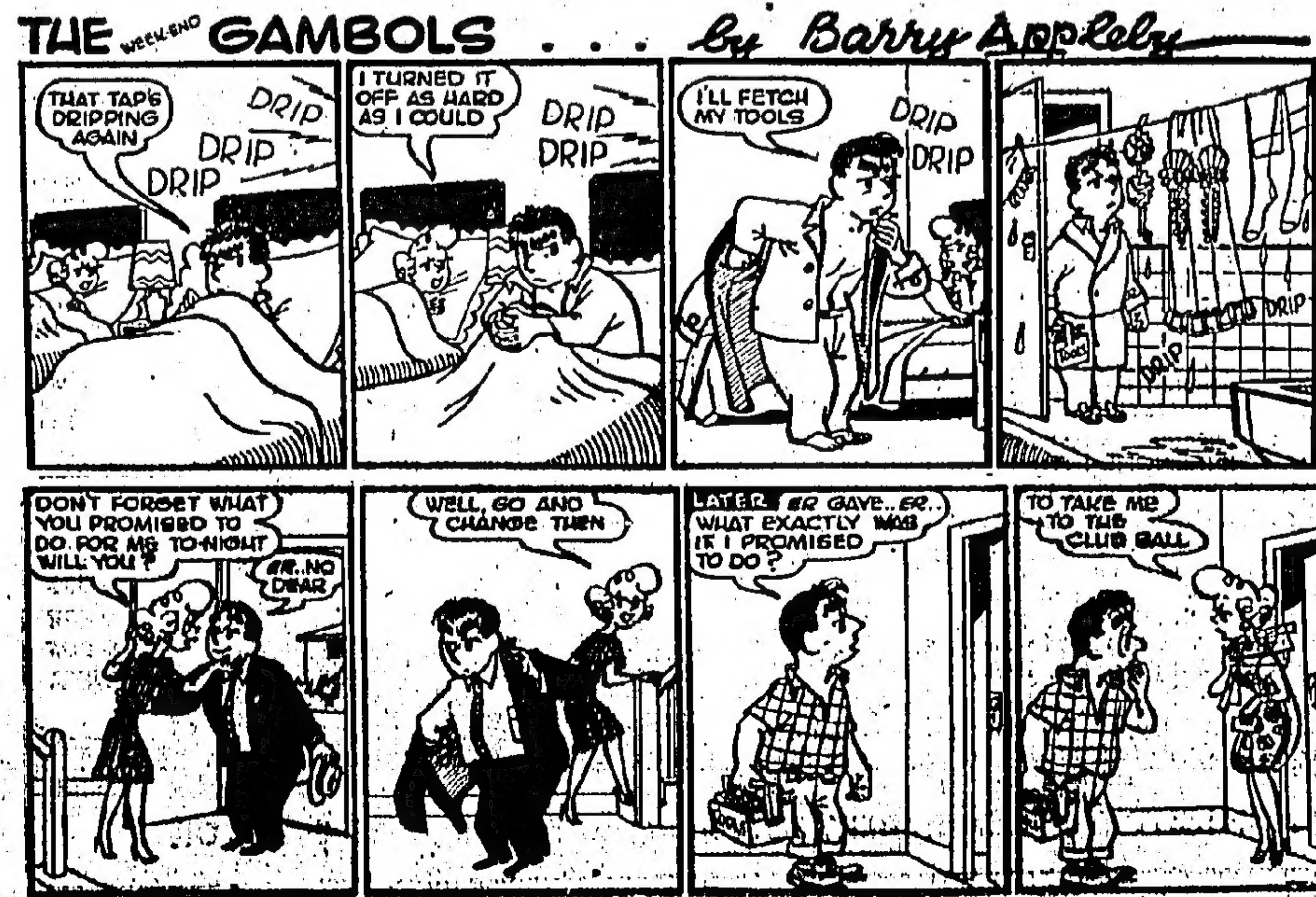
ningham, Brown, Ross, Thomas, Miller, Bryan, Robert. RAAF (HK): Davies, Brown, Roberts, Low, Toyner, Miller, Fowler, Campbell, Hewitt, Loughlin, Halsey, Spiers, Bright, Wall, Riley.

CLUB 'A': Miles, Keenan, Dalgleish, R. Laville, McTavish, Bennett, Williams, King, Howe, Elliott, Newbigin, Campbell, Wright, Steven.

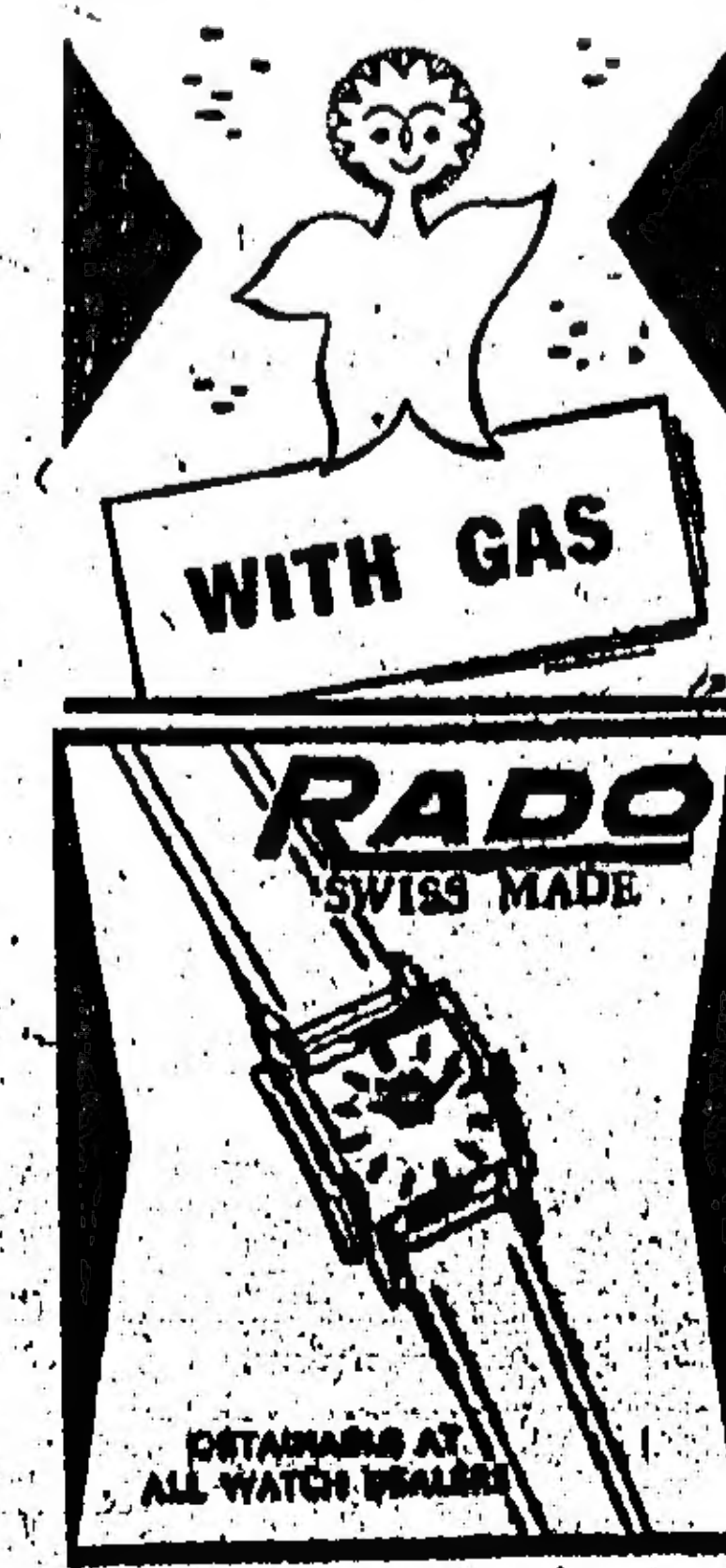
CLUB 'B': Martin, Lochrie, Spencer, McFadyen, Franch, Barnes, Stewart, Turner, Croucher, Whiteley, Collinson, Swinley, Leonard, Hewitt, L. Laville.

GREEN HOWARDS: Morkhill, Farn, Enbly, Gods, Warrington, Hommeraham, Wood, Mcintosh, Lowe, Lamage, Goddall, Hemmingway, Green, Mander, Carney.

Referees for the three games are: Club 'B' v. RATHS-W.C. Richardson, Club 'A' v. Police-Davies, RAAF M. v. G. Howards-W.S. Collier.



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GREAT WAY TO KEEP GOING! HAVE THIS

quick, refreshing lift!

Nothing does it like Seven-Up!

